CATHEDRA

1939

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1939

PROLOGUE

Behold . . . . it is the year 1939 . . . . but let us for a fleeting moment betake ourselves back over those golden ages of time to 1935 . . . . Within the walls of Cathedral High School is a group of sage and saintly shipbuilders, zealously pondering over the plans for a new vessel, conceived by the Supreme Architect in His Omniscience from all eternity . . . . Grasping firmly the instruments and machinery of Catholicism, the constructors undertake that most delicate and arduous of human endeavors, the molding of Human Character for its momentous encounter with Life and Death . . . . After many months, a Skeleton outline evolves . . . . Progress is more rapid from thence . . . . Steel girders and flanking having been added, the ship assumes definite shape . . . . Work now commences on the interior . . . . an engine is installed, cabins, decks and masts are built . . . . the latest in modern equipment and scientific appliances are added so that the craft lacks nothing in conforming to the most fashionable and famous ships of the sea . . . . As a final precaution every minute part of our ship, from stem to stern is inspected . . . . The weary builders have completed their work . . . . We shall always treasure this book . . . . our cargo of precious memories . . . . Inscribed in each picture, in each phrase are myriads of infinitesimal incidents which in later years will become the bliss of solitude . . . . Before we weigh anchor you, dear friends, may view our cargo . . . .

CATHEDRA

Published by the

STUDENTS OF THE SENIOR CLASS

of the

CATHEDRAL HIGH SCHOOL

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

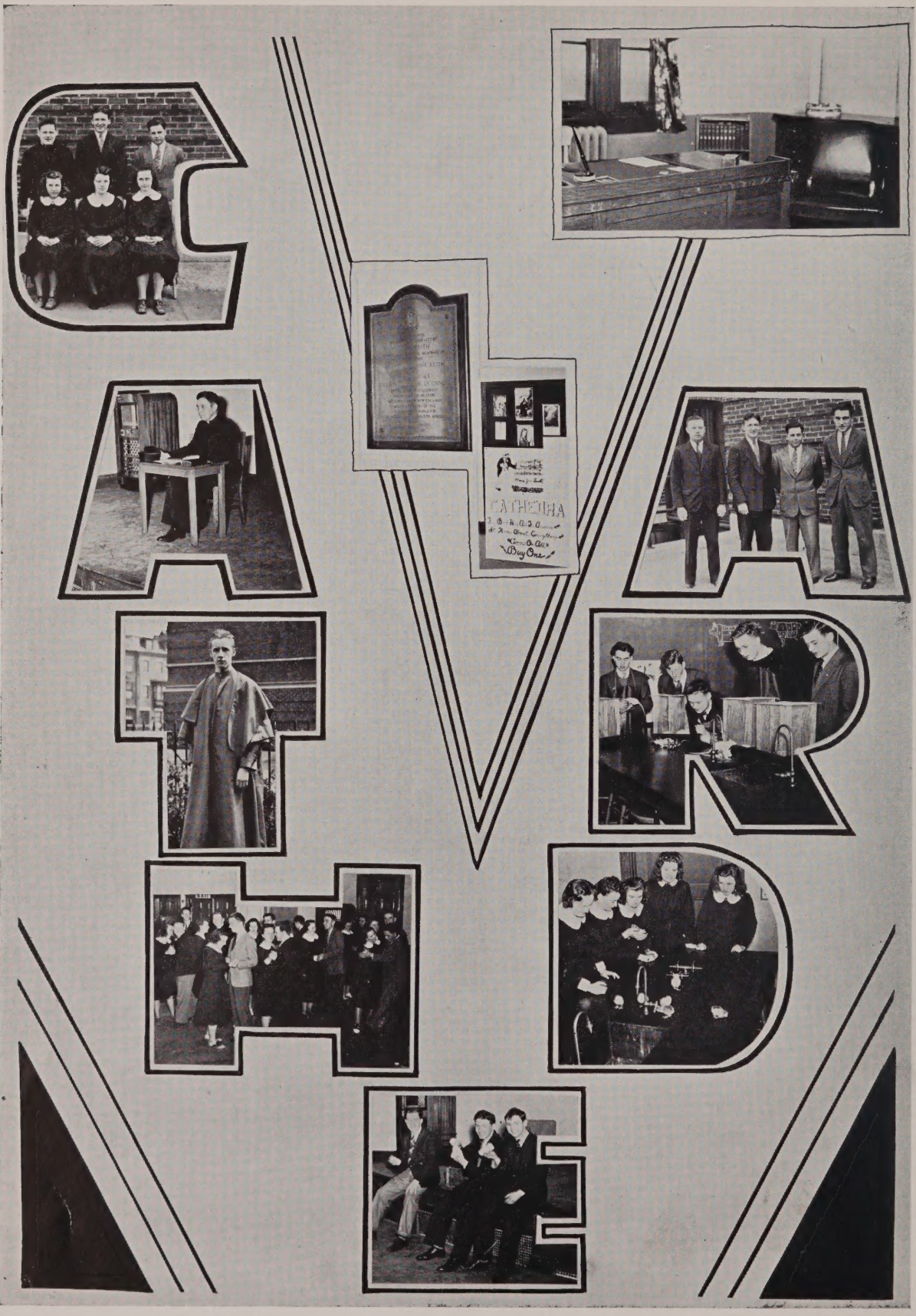
DEDICATION

With the deepest love and gratitude,
we, the Class of nineteen hundred and thirty-nine,
dedicate our year-book
to
OUR SORROWFUL MOTHER

PIETA

O Mary, what sorrow rends your breast
As you gaze on Him, the Holy, Blest —
His mangled body, bloody, torn,
His sacred head sore-pierced with thorn.
Now still He lies in your fond embrace,
Your God-Man Son, the Lord of Grace.
O'erwrought indeed is your mother's dream —
How lone and desolate you seem —
O, Mary, sorrowful, behold your Son!
His life is finished, His work is done.
But by that sorrow that you bore,
Keep us from sin forevermore;
And by your holy love's embrace,
O keep in Heaven for us a place!

Anne Taylor


CATHERINA

THE CATHEDRAL

To the traveler or the tourist who delights in visiting strange and beautiful places in the old world, one of the high lights is always the Cathedral tour. In Italy, in France, in England, in all the countries of Europe, the experienced traveler makes a visit in every great city to "the Cathedral." For there is seen the best in architecture, painting, sculpture and stained glass. The atmosphere and culture of a town, a district, a generation, or even a century is found at its best in the Cathedrals.

We would like to feel that Our Graduates of Cathedral High School have absorbed much of the atmosphere and culture of our own Cathedral. Though the building itself is not the finest in the land, there is a charm, a dignity, a spaciousness and a sense of stability about the Cathedral of the Holy Cross. It has been hallowed by memories, sanctified by Masses — hundreds and thousands of them. The great, the near great and the simple, humble folk have walked its aisles, and have knelt there in prayer. Saintly men have stood at its great altar and have preached from its carved pulpit. Its arches and its nave have echoed and reechoed with the world's most sacred music — sweetest voices. Best of all, though, Holy Cross Cathedral is redolent with the Presence of God.

Because Our Graduates have knelt so many times in prayer in the Cathedral Chapel, because they have spent four precious years in the shadow of "The Cathedral," we bid them Godspeed — and send them forth, not unprepared or unarmed, but somewhat as the old Crusaders, who went forth with the Cross emblazoned on their shields to battle for the Holy Land. They may not march on bloody fields of battle, but as citizens they must battle against the irreligious doctrines and the pagan practices that lay siege to our precious land — America; — and as Catholics they must war even to the death for their future land — our promised home — Heaven.

Whether the road of life leads them far away, or circles 'round the old familiar places, we — the Priests and Sisters of the Cathedral — will be watching. Their battle will be our battle, their victory our victory, their triumph — our triumph, their failure — our failure.

And so Godspeed and God's blessing! Graduates of the Class of 1939 — you have been marked with a triple Cross. Wear it with honor, guard it with care. You can never efface it! . . . It will be your glory and our reward — if you march right to the throne of God — with the sign and the seal of our Cathedral, the Holy Cross, undefiled by any base or ignoble act.

Harry M. O'Connor

OUR APPRECIATION

To Father O'Connor for his enthusiastic and helpful interest in us and in our activities, we, the Class of '39, offer our most grateful thanks.

WE THANK YOU

The class of thirty-nine
Extends thanks warm and true;
To those who helped our Year Book,
And thereby brought us through;
To faculty and parents,
To friends and patrons, too,
To all our advertisers
Sincerest thanks are due.
To Juniors, Sophomores, Freshmen,
For loyal helps not few,
To all who gave assistance,
The Seniors say, "Thank you."

Mark T. Skiffington

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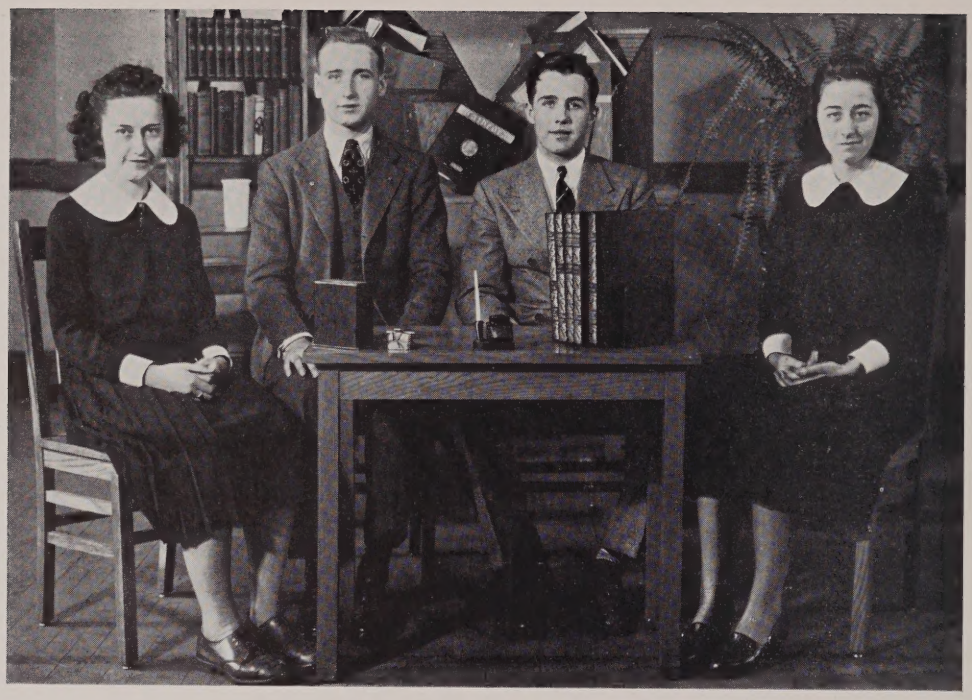
MAYOR of ZOOM
JOHNNY DOHERTY
HANDSOMEST BOY
SHEA for MAYOR
AND HE MODESTLY SAYS "OH! I'VE DONE BETTER."
SCORE
RIORDEN 99
I'VE GOT YOU NOW ME PROUD LASS!
HEH HEH HEH
THE VILLIAN
REGAN (COMMUNIST)
FANTASTIC DOHERTY
OUR PRESIDENT WAS OUT LATE LAST NIGHT WITH LIL!
F. MORAN JUST COULDN'T WAIT. HE HAD TO GO.
THE WORM HAS TURNED!
CURLING IRON
DAN MORAN
BOYS
LAHIVE
SIZE 19
PUZZLE OF THE YEAR
CLOSE IRENE CZAJA'S DESK
MARY ENGLER'S COAT
WHEN THE "PRESSES" ARE OPENED.
HEPCAT DANCE BARRY
SORRY, I CANNOT SHOW HER PARTNER-THIS IS THE GIRLS CORNER
AND THIS IS OUR GLAMOR GIRL THELMA RAY
GIRLS
TWO CHARLESTOWN CHATTERBOXES
BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM
MAGGIE LIL
"SPEED" CREEDON ON HER LONG "JOURNEY" TO FRENCH.
PRETTIEST GIRL
EILEEN BURKE



President — Daniel Moran; *Vice-President* — Helen Binkiwitz;
Treasurer — William Gallagher; *Secretary* — Evelyn Sullivan

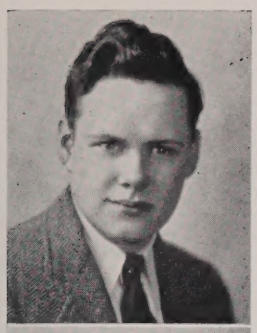
PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

Classmates: We have reached our goal; we are graduates of Cathedral High. To be such is a great privilege, surely, and we should, perhaps, be satisfied with it. But, if we have heeded her counsel day by day, we shall discover that our Alma Mater has planted within our hearts the seeds, not of discontent with our lot, but of an insatiable and laudable ambition to strive still higher.

No, fellow Classmates, a true son of Cathedral High School can never be satisfied with mediocrity. He knows too well that his is the greatest, the richest, the most beautiful heritage that this world can offer. He knows that he has been taught to be a good Catholic and hence, a good American. Further, he realizes that his example will influence many and he resolves that all of his strength shall be dedicated to the furtherance of good. Finally, a graduate of Cathedral High recognizes the fact that graduation is not the end of life but the beginning. His school days are over. Graduation but marks the commencement of a period of application of the principles taught him.

Fellow graduates, may our lives show forth our true Catholic ideals; may we advance as did our Model, Christ, in wisdom and age and grace before God and man.

Daniel Moran



GEORGE HENRY BUCK

"Buck"

73 Worcester Street, Boston

A fair exterior is silent recommendation

Ambition — To be successful

Assistant Editor of Year Book, Glee Club, Newman Club, Football 1, Baseball 2, Civics Club.

RICHARD DAVID BUCK

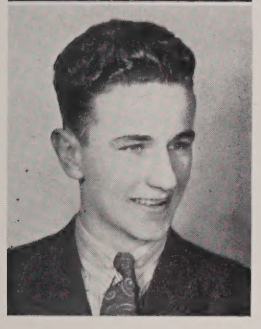
"Dick"

73 Worcester Street, Boston

As happy as the day is long

Ambition — To marry a beautiful girl

Dramatics 3-4, Cheer Leader 1-2-4, Social Committee, Glee Club, Chester-Belloc Circle, L'Etoile Bleue



DANIEL FRANCIS CASELDEN

"Nappy"

30 Neptune Road, East Boston

None know me as I know myself

Ambition — To be a college graduate

Intramural Basketball 2-3-4, Glee Club, Dramatics 2-3, Chester-Belloc Circle, Gerontius Club

THOMAS JOSEPH CONNOLLY

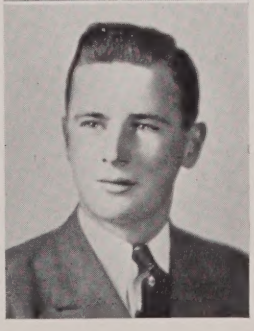
"Tom"

146 Draper Street, Dorchester

The only way to have a friend is to be one

Ambition — To be or not to be

Manager, Football and Basketball, Year Book Staff, Honor Roll 2, Glee Club, Chester-Belloc Circle, L'Etoile Bleu



JOHN PATRICK DOHERTY

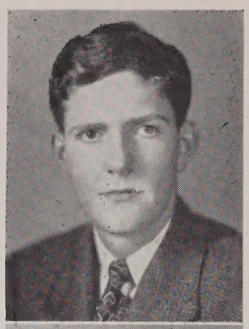
"Baby"

214 Neponset Avenue, Dorchester

He is as carefree as one can be

Ambition — To be the President of the First National Bank

Orchestra 1-2-3-4, Dramatics 3-4, Glee Club, Honor Roll, 1, Chester-Belloc Circle, Vice-President L'Etoile Bleue



VINCENT ALEXANDER DOWNING

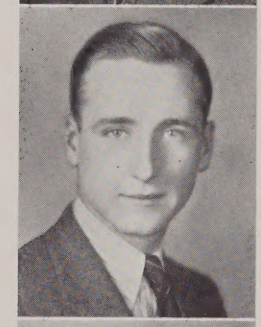
"Vin"

14 Carlton Street, Somerville

No one knows what he can do till he tries

Ambition — To be a foreman on the W. P. A.

Honor Roll 1, Dramatics 3, Football, Chester-Belloc Circle, Baseball 3-4, Basketball 3, Glee Club, L'Etoile Bleue, Gerontius Club



WILLIAM JOHN GALLAGHER

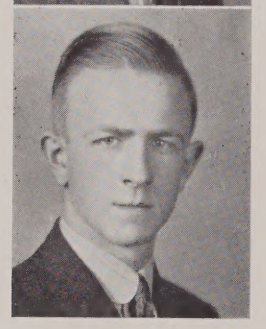
"Bill"

124 Malden Street, South End

A good name is better than riches

Ambition — Vice-presidents of all vice-presidents.

Football 4, Class Treasurer 3-4, Glee Club, Intramural Basketball 3-4, Dramatics 3, Newman Club, Civics Club



JOHN FRANCIS HARRINGTON

"Harry"

1865 Columbus Avenue, Roxbury

Patience is a necessary ingredient of genius

Ambition — To lift a man-hole cover

Baseball 3-4, Football 2-3-4, Dramatics 3-4, Class Spelling Champion 4, Newman Club, Basketball 3-4, Glee Club, Intramural Basketball 2-3-4, Civic Club, Class Prophet

CHARLES FREDERICK HUSSEY

"Fred"

31 Stanley Street, Dorchester

None but himself could be his equal

Ambition — To be an all-American boy

Basketball 4, Intramural Basketball 4, Glee Club, Chester-Belloc Circle, Dramatics 4, Gerontius Club

JOSEPH ALBERT LAHIVE

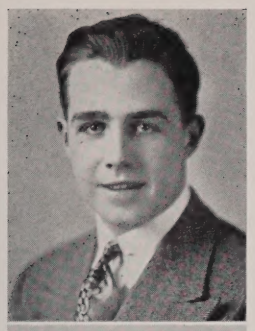
"Red"

37 Harbor View Street, Dorchester

As a wit, if not first, in the very first line

Ambition — To weigh two hundred pounds

Glee Club, Grade Spelling Champion 3-4, Year Book Staff 2-3-4, Chester-Belloc Circle, Honor Roll 1, Intramural Basketball 2-3, Dramatics 3-4, Social Committee, L'Etoile Bleue, Gerontius Club



DANIEL FRANCIS MORAN

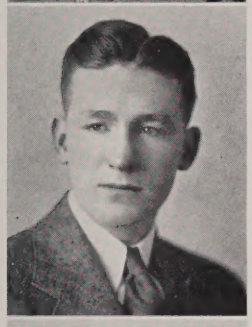
"Pudgy"

19 St. Williams Street, Dorchester

Nothing is impossible to a willing heart

Ambition — To learn how to hit

Class president 2-3-4, Dramatics 3-4, Football 3-4, Glee Club, Baseball Captain 4, Debating 2-3-4, Baseball 2-3-4, Honor Roll 1-2-3-4, Oratorical Contest 3, Gerontius Club, Chester-Belloc Circle



FRANCIS XAVIER MORAN

"Franny"

40 Glyde Street, Dorchester

From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth

Ambition — To be a football coach

Football 2-3-4, Football Captain 4, Glee club, Honor Roll 4, All-Catholic Football 4, Baseball 3-4, Intramural Basketball 3-4, Debating 4, Dramatics 3-4, Testator, Chester-Belloc Cir, L'Etoile Bleue

JOHN TIMOTHY MURPHY

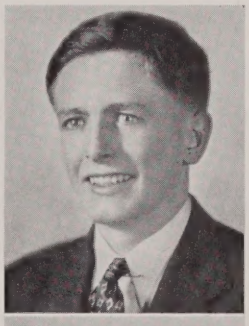
"Murph"

15 Cawfield Street, Dorchester

Principle is ever my motto not expediency

Ambition — To be a prize fighter

Glee Club, Newman Club, Dramatics 3, Civics Club



FRANCIS XAVIER O'BRIEN

"O'B"

209 Cottage Street, Dorchester

The truth is always the strongest argument

Ambition — To live and learn

Football 4, Basketball 4, Glee Club, Baseball 4, Intramural Basketball 2-3-4, Dramatics 3-4, Chester-Belloc Circle, L'Etoile Bleue

TIMOTHY JOSEPH O'CONNOR

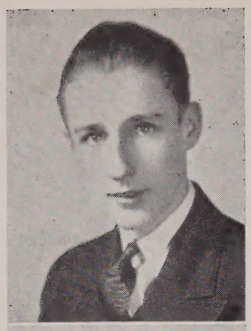
"Ted"

44 Clarendon Street, Boston

Practice is the best of all instructions

Ambition — To be head of a Happy Home

Football 4, Dramatics 3-4, Basketball 1, Glee Club, Intramural Basketball 3-4, Honor Roll 1-4, Chester-Belloc Circle, L'Etoile Bleue



FRED PAUL PALMER

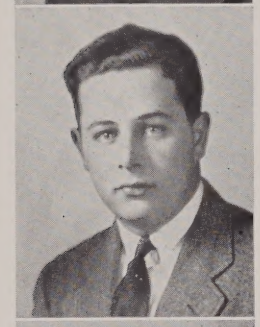
"Freddy"

105 Warren Avenue, Boston

The world knows nothing of its greatest man

Ambition — To remain a gentleman

Football 2-3-4, Honor Roll 1-2-3, Editor-in-Chief of Year Book, Dramatics 3-4, Intramural Basketball 2-3-4, Debating 2, Basketball 1, Chester-Belloc Circle, Gerontius Club, Junior Journal 3



FRANCIS RANDO

"Muzzy"

2 Sharon Street, Boston

Everything will come if man will only wait

Ambition — To be a professional football player

Football 1-2-3-4, Baseball 1-2-3-4, Basketball 3-4, Social Committee Chairman, Newman Club, Dramatics 3, All Catholic Football 3-4, All Catholic Baseball 3-4, Glee Club, Civics Club

JOHN JOSEPH REGAN

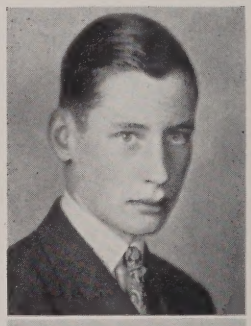
"Senator"

119 West Newton Street, Boston

Young in limbs, in judgment old

Ambition — To be another James Farley

Debating 3-4, Honor Roll 1, Glee Club, Dramatics 3-4, Class Historian, Chester-Belloc Circle, Gerontius Club



JOHN WILLIAM REARDON

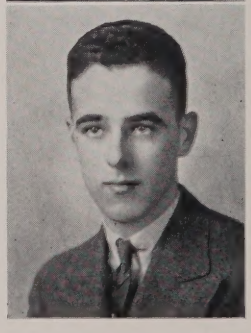
"John"

30 North Munroe Terrace, Dorchester

It matters not how long you live but how well

Ambition — To be a railroad engineer

Dramatics 3, Glee Club, Chester-Belloc Circle, Gerontius Club, L'Etoile Bleue



BENJAMIN BURKE SELVITELLE

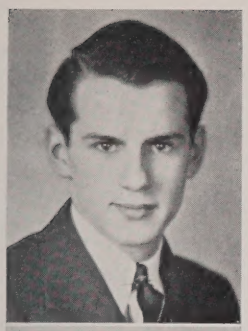
"Benny"

353 Neponset Avenue, Dorchester

A loving heart, a winning smile obtains him girl friends all the while

Ambition — To be an admiral in the United States Navy

Glee Club, Football 3-4, Dramatics, Baseball 4, Year Book Staff, Intramural Basketball 2-3-4, Newman Club, Civics Club



MARK THOMAS SKIFFINGTON

"Ducy"

19 Marion Street, Charlestown

Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy

Ambition — To be a successful business man

Glee Club, Debating 3, Newman Club, Civics Club 4, Thompsonian Club 4, Year Book Staff

JAMES MICHAEL SHEA

"Jim"

27 Lawrence Street, Back Bay

Better late than never

Ambition — To be a time keeper

Debating 3-4, Glee Club, Basketball 1, Chester-Belloc Circle 4, Dramatics 2-3-4, Oratorical Contest, L'Etoile Bleue, Year Book Staff, Junior Journal 3

STEPHEN FELIX SHUKO

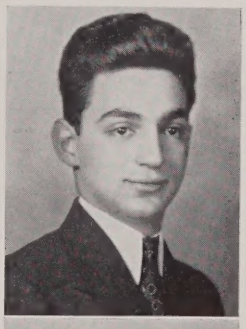
"Steve"

59 Dwight Street, Boston

Powerful indeed is the empire of habit

Ambition — To own the largest airplane in the world

Glee Club, Chester-Belloc Circle, Basketball, Treasurer L'Etoile Bleue



TANOUS JOSEPH THOMAS

"Tom"

2 Sharon Street, Boston

Wit and wisdom is born with the man

Ambition — To do my homework every night

Football 2-3-4, Dramatics 3-4, Debating 4, Intramural Basketball 2-3-4, Assistant Editor of Year Book, Glee Club, Chester-Belloc Circle, Gerontius Club

JOSEPHINE ANNE ALIBRANDI

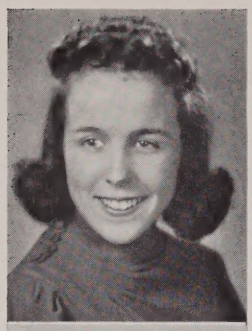
"Jo"

312 Harrison Avenue, Boston

Such titian locks none can compare
With her crowning glory of lovely hair

Ambition — To become a hairdresser

Glee Club, Basketball 1-2, Debating 1-2, Junior Journal 3, Civic Club 4, Newman Club 4, Thompsonian Club 4, Dramatics 2



LOUISE ANNE BARRY

"Barry"

868 Columbus Ave., Roxbury

To brisk notes' cadence beat
Dance her little twinkling feet

Ambition — To be a Mathematician
Honor Roll 2, Glee Club, Dramatics 3, Basketball 1-2-3, L'Etoile Bleue 4, Chester-Belloc Circle 4, Gerontius Club 4, Junior Journal 3

MARY ELIZABETH BEAUSANG

"Beaus"

16 Pinckney Street, Boston

It is a friendly heart that has plenty of friends

Ambition — To succeed in whatever I do
Orchestra 1-2-3-4, Glee Club, Year Book Staff, Junior Journal3, Newman Club 4, Civics Club 4, Thompsonian Club 4

HELEN BINKIWITZ

"Binky"

788 Harrison Ave., Boston

It is tranquil people who accomplish much

Ambition — To be an Accountant (B.A.—Ph.D.)
Honor Roll 1-2-3-4, Dramatics 3, Debating 3, Glee Club, Basketball 1-2-3, Junior Journal 3, Vice-President 4, Civic Club 4, Newman Club 4, Thompsonian Club 4

MARGARET CHRISTINA BUCKLEY

"Bucky"

31 Winthrop Street, Charlestown

A smile for all, a welcome glad,
A jovial winning way she had

Ambition — To run an orphanage
Honor Roll 1-2-3, Class Poet, Chester-Belloc Circle 4, L'Etoile Bleue 4, Glee Club Junior Journal Staff 3, Gerontius Club 4, Social Committee, Dramatics 3

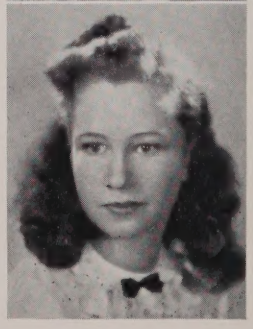
EILEEN ANNE BURKE

"I"

71 East Brookline St., Boston

With hair of gold like the morning sun,
We know that some day, she'll be won

Ambition — To travel around the globe
Pres. of L'Etoile Bleue 4, Chester-Belloc Circle 4,, Gerontius Club 4, Orchestra, 2-3-4, Dramatics 3, 4, Honor Holl 1-2-3-4, Social Committee, Class Prophet, Debating, Spelling Champion 1-2-4



CATHERINE PATRICIA CLEARY

"Kay"

5 West Canton Street, Boston

A girl who tries as hard as she
A leader in her life will be

Ambition — To do something worth while
Honor Roll 1-2, Junior Journal 3, Dramatics 3, Gerontius Club 4, Chester-Belloc Circle 4, L'Etoile Bleue 4, Glee Club

KATHLEEN CREEDON

"Rusty"

1 Montgomery Street, West Roxbury

Slowly plods her weary way
But she'll get her reward someday

Ambition — To own a racing stable
Honor Roll 2, Basketball 2-3, Glee Club, Gerontius Club 4, L'Etoile Bleue 4, Chester-Belloc Circle 4

MARGARET DEBORAH CROWLEY

"Peg"

93 Appeton Street, Boston

Still waters run deep

Ambition — To be a dentist
Newman Club 4, Dramatics 2-3, Thompsonian Club 4, Civics Club 4, Basketball 1-2-3, Junior Journal Staff 3, Glee Club, Year Book

IRENE MARY ELIZABETH CZAJA

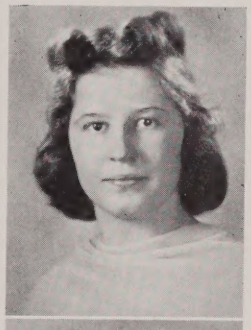
"Reni"

277 Albany Street, Boston

Ambition — To be switchboard operator for the Polish Embassy

A smile for all, a welcome glad,
A jovial, coaxing way she had

Orchestra 2-3-4, Glee Club, Newman Club 4, Civics Club 4, Thompsonian Club 4



LILLIAN ROBERTA DONOVAN

"Lil"

61 Monument Avenue, Charlestown

One in a million

Ambition — To be the first woman Secrtary of the Navy
Cheer Leader 3-4, Glee Club, Basketball 3, Class Will, Debating 2, Junior Journal 3, Newman Club, Civics Club, Thompsonian Club

MARY PATRICIA ENGEL

"Butch"

5 Sharon Street, Boston

Full of the dickens and ready for fun
Talk about friends — I'll say she's one

Ambition — To be a nurse

Manager of Girl's Basketball 3, Dramatics 3-4, Glee Club, Secretary 1, Junior Journal Staff 3, Cheer Leader 4, Civics Club, Newman Club

HELEN ELIZABETH GESIEN

"Jessee"

314 Shawmut Avenue, Boston

Always good seldom bad, always gay never sad

Ambition — To be a successful dancing teacher

Honor Roll 2, Junior Journal 3, Glee Club, Newman Club 4, Thompsonian Club 4, Civics Club

MARY ELIZABETH KING

"Kingsey"

13 Cordis Street, Charlestown

Practice makes perfect

Ambition — To visit the West

Civics Club, Thompsonian Club, Newman Club, Junior Journal Staff 3, Glee Club

ANNA MARIE LE BLANC

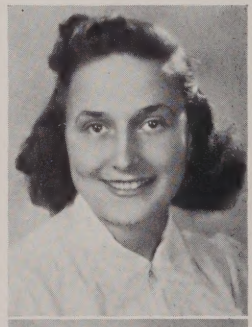
"Ann"

54 Burnham Street, Belmont

Her dainty fingers fashioned beautiful things

Ambition — To be successful in life

Cheer Leader 4, Basketball 1-2-3, Dramatics 1, Debating 2, Civic Club, Newman Club, Art Editor of Year Book, Assistant Art Editor of Junior Journal 3



MARGARET AGNES MCDONALD

"Margie"

271 Cabot Street, Roxbury

Giggles here, Giggles there
Laughter and sunshine everywhere

Ambition — To be a head bookkeeper

Glee Club, Basketball 1-2-3, Dramatics 1, Debating 2-3, Civic Club, Newman Club, Junior Journal, Thompsonian Club

MARY CATHERINE McKENNA

"Mac"

15 St. Charles Street, Boston

Rich in saving common-sense, and, as the greatest
only are, in her simplicity sublime

Ambition — To be a Shakespearean actress
Basketball 1-2-3, Debating 3, Dramatics 2-3, Vice-President 3, Honor Roll 3, Social Committee 4, Junior Journal Assistant Editor, Year Book Staff, Thompsonian Club, Newman Club, Civics Club

MARY ROSE McLAUGHLIN

"Chubby"

43 Mt. Vernon Street, Charlestown

In all things she is very wise
Which shows you cannot judge by size

Ambition — To go to school as long as I can stand it
Basketball 2, Debating 2, Glee Club, Junior Journal 3, Thompsonian Club 4, Civics Club 4, Newman Club

ETHELDREDA CLARE MOYNIHAN

"Ethel"

7 Trenton Street, Charlestown

She who sows courtesy, reaps friendship

Ambition — To travel round the world by air, sea and land
Honor Roll 2, Basketball 2-3, Glee Club, Newman Club 4, Dramatics 1, Thompsonian Club 4, Civics Club 4

HELEN FRANCES MURPHY

105 Union Park Street, Boston

Quiet and demure is her way,
She gains many friends each day

Ambition — To be an executive's Secretary
Honor Roll 1-2-3-4, Dramatics 3-4, Basketball, Civics Club 4, Junior Journal 3, Glee Club, Vice-President 2, Thompsonian Club 4, Newman Club

THELMA ELIZABETH RAY

"Dickey Bird"

43 Appleton Street, Boston

Her charms are many, Her faults, not any

Ambition — To be a Certified Public Accountant
Honor Roll 1, Cheer Leader 4, Thompsonian Club 4, Civics Club 4, Co-Manager of Basketball 3, Business Manager of Year Book

EVELYN RITA SULLIVAN

"Ebba"

158 West Concord Street, Boston

Sweet personality, full of rascality

Ambition — To leave my first million to Cathedral for new books

Junior Journal 3, Honor Roll 1-2-3-4, Asst. Editor of Year Book, Dramatics 3, Civics Club 4, Newman Club, Basketball 1-3, Thompsonian Club

ANNE MARIE TAYLOR

"Annabelle"

54 Walnut Avenue, Roxbury

Charming girl with a lovable disposition

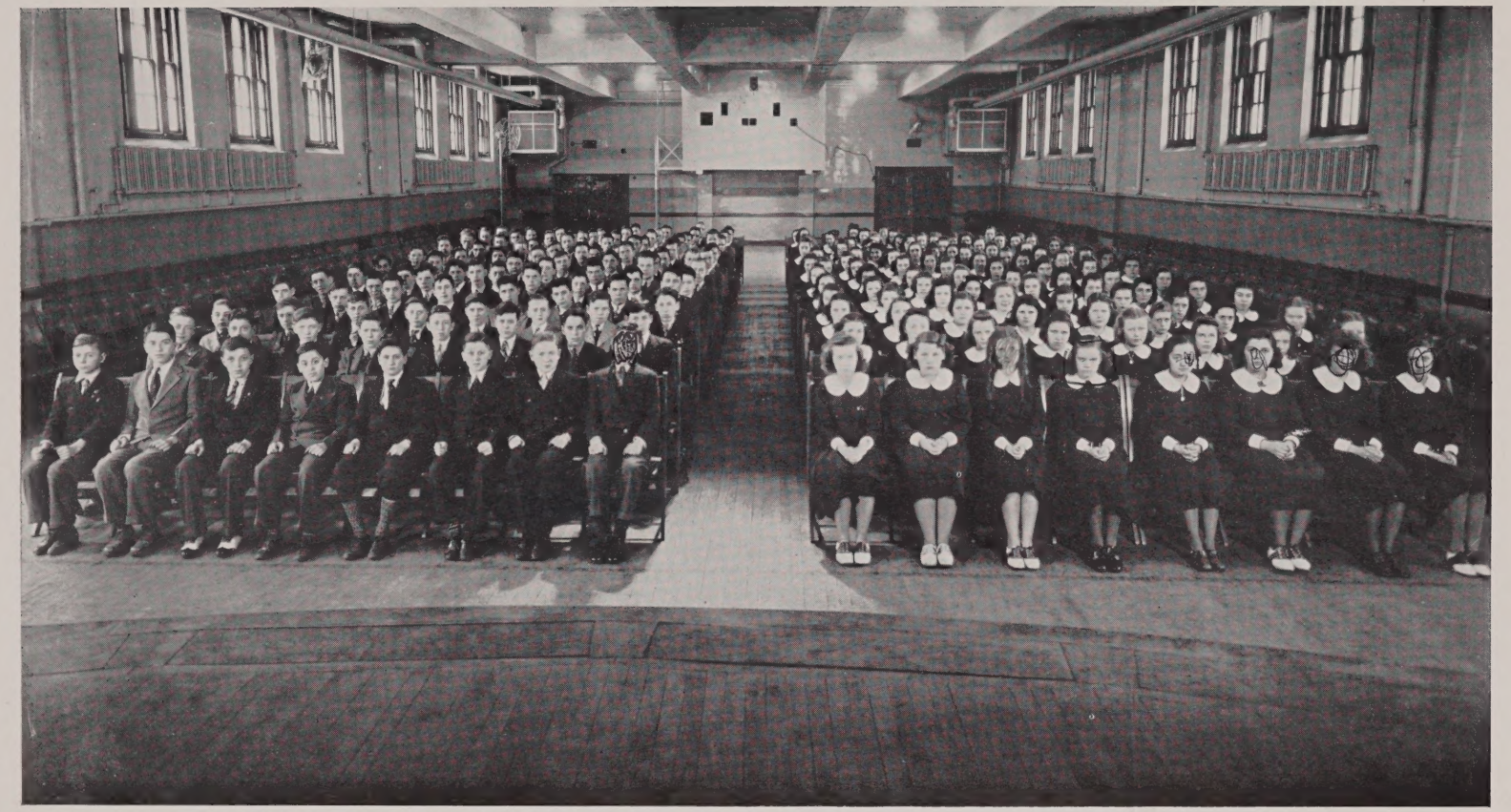
Ambition — To visit Ireland

Honor Roll 4, Dramatics 4, Glee Club, L'Etoile Bleue 4, Chester-Belloc Circle 4, Gerontius Club 4, Junior Journal 3, Year Book

CLASS SONG

Crimson and gold, we now sing to you,
Cathedral High all honor due,
Crimson and gold our colors fly
E'er to revere, ever to praise Cathedral High!
Whose lips falter not at this fond farewell?
Whose eyes do not burn with the tears that swell
At the memories of the days long past?
Ah! sweet are the songs that in our heart
We hold unto the last!
Loyal and true to the red and gold,
Our love for you can ne'er be told!
Crimson and gold our colors fly
E'er to revere, ever to praise, Cathedral High!
Tales of hours so fair we spent with you,
Of hours so happy, gay and rare —
Tales of glorious deeds when we
Beneath your banners marched to victory!
Come and gather round, ye sons and daughters
Who raised the standard high
And say adieu tho' heart will break to know
The time has come to say farewell!
Farewell to you, Cathedral High!
Farewell, farewell, Cathedral High, Cathedral High
Farewell, farewell, Cathedral, farewell.

Tanous Thomas



SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

President — DANIEL MORAN

Vice-President — HELEN BINKIWITZ

Treasurer — WILLIAM GALLAGHER

Secretary — EVELYN SULLIVAN

JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

President — THOMAS KIELY

Vice-President — LILLIAN HARRIS

Treasurer — JOHN BRADY

Secretary — MARY ROCHE

SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS

President — JAMES CONNOLLY

Vice-President — MARY RAFTERY

Treasurer — DONALD COVE

Secretary — EILEEN BEAUSANG

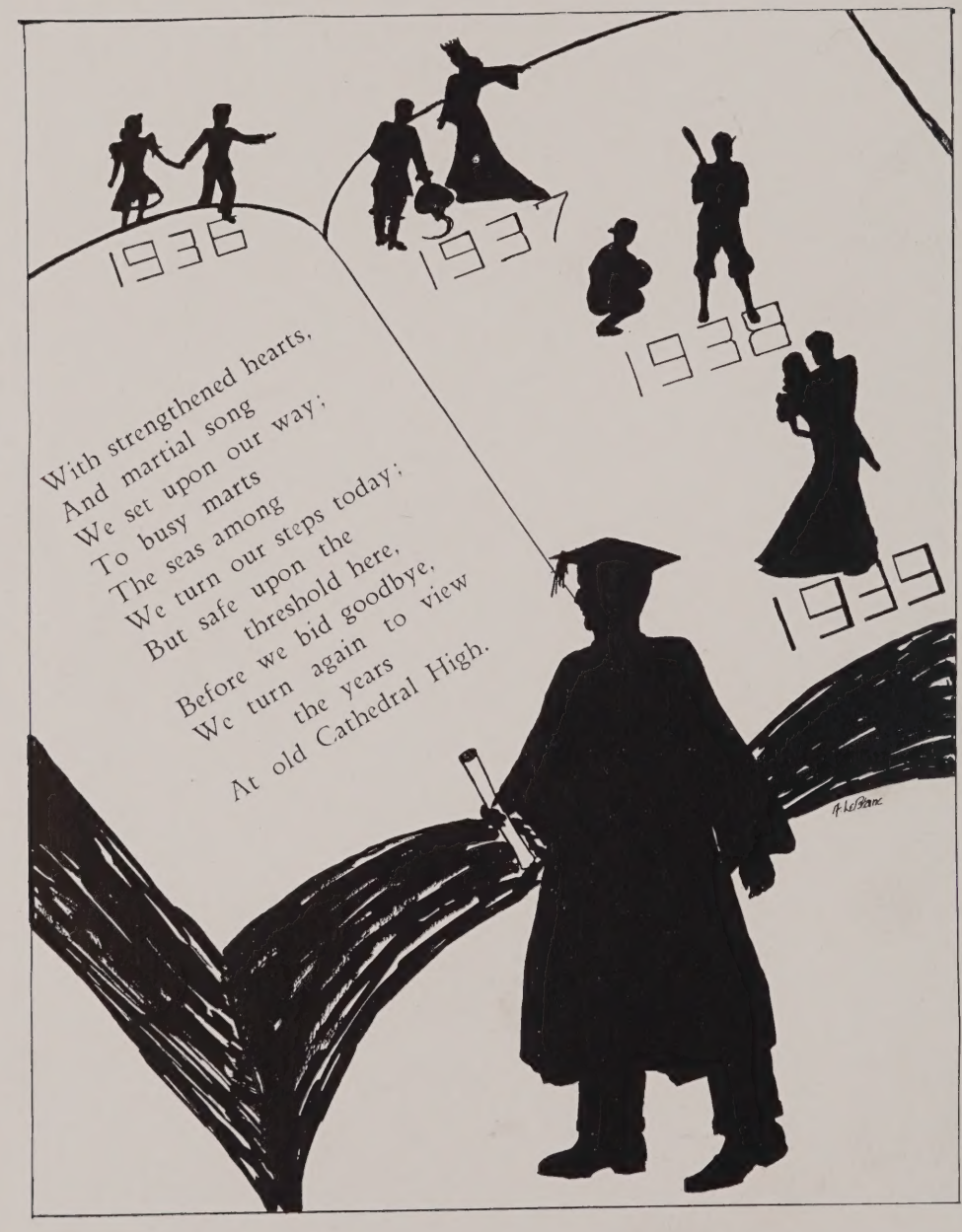
FRESHMAN CLASS OFFICERS

President — JAMES ROSS

Vice-President — PATRICIA MULREAN

Treasurer — THOMAS HIGGENBOTTOM

Secretary — DOROTHY MORRISSEY


1936
1937
1938
1939
With strengthened hearts,
And martial song
We set upon our way;
To busy marts
The seas among
We turn our steps today;
But safe upon the
threshold here,
Before we bid goodbye,
We turn again to view
the years
At old Cathedral High.

Class History

FRESHMAN

"Forward, March! Class of '39", across Union Park Street from the Cathedral where Father Dacey has celebrated the Mass of the Holy Ghost, to the doors of Cathedral High. There the upper classmen looked at us and wondered. Someone asked "Who are they?" to whom with loud voices I exclaim, "We are the class of '39 ready to march over the four years that lie ahead." If one and one still make two, this adds up to the March of Thirty-Nine.

We marched quickly, fascinated by the stately seniors, wondering at the lofty juniors and scared stiff of those haughty sophomores. This feeling was soon removed, however, and our views were changed, but there was another nuisance — homework; it never moved and has never changed our views.

Wait, what noise is that? Have no fear — it's only the football game between the freshmen classes. Never in the annals of the school has such an event as that taken place since. Remember how the timid freshmen girls cheered like telephone operators shouting, "Hold that line please," and Fr. Dacey was just as excited. To this day both sides claim victory. Too bad there wasn't a scorekeeper.

Now from the sport card to report card, yes, the first neat white oblong was a real thrill. Several were so good that we hoped this card would be the last one, but alas, for some it really was, perhaps they didn't get such a thrill. Who knows? This over, we observed and made use of the accomplishments of the other classes, because we were anxious to know how things should be done when we got up there on the heights. Our participation in social activities was nothing to be scoffed at, it was at such events we learned all the tricks of the trade that made us such productive geniuses — we might say genii because our feats were so magically dreamlike.

Many celebrities visited us when we were freshmen, they marveled at our intelligence, they spoke of our brilliance, they orated upon our abilities — but they never returned for a second visit. With this statement floating in smoke dreams, we proceed to the Christmas Party that marked the end of the first semester and the beginning of some real holidays.

Classmates, a new year is upon us, not only that but mid-year exams — and they weigh a ton — they have the whole school scared. We wondered why then, but now we know. Never did anything do a better job of housecleaning around the place — to even the N. Y. A.'s — in fact, mid-year exams left Dutch Cleanser in the dust.

From this point on, it was easier going, though nearer and nearer came the end of the year. With the fleetness of Mercury it was over. Our steps become slower now, the camps are pitched, while we await with leisure the march of our sophomore year.

John Regan

SOPHOMORE

Forward march and we, the class of '39, with the experience of one year tucked neatly in our bag of knowledge, prepare the way with confidence and the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, march triumphantly through another double semester.

Times are changing and as Cathedral keeps up with the times, changes were herewith experienced both in scenery and in selection of Class officers. First we watch the old rectory come down, and new foundations laid. Then with the transfer of Sister Saint ———, we meet Sister———, who specializes in Greek. Sister certainly took our fancy, so in turn we tried to take Sister's Greek and the Greek returned the compliment and proceeded to take all but five of us.

Class elections brought forth a stellar quartet; the boys represented by Daniel Moran and Fred Palmer, president and treasurer respectively; the girls by Helen Murphy, vice-president and Etheldreda Moynihan, secretary.

As our studies passed along, so the Hallowe'en party and football seasons passed with their joys and heartaches. It was with the recollections of these gala events in our minds that Christmas quietly but quickly came upon us. At the Christmas party we witnessed the presentation of the "Pampered Darling" by the senior class. Then we closed our books for the first semester as the watchword for Christmass vacation was given by Father Dacey.

While the new year was in its infancy, we returned to hail the announcement of no mid-year exams. We would have passed them anyway, but why boast of our intelligence, our report cards refuted any accusation that could degrade us.

Cathedral had a basketball team that year, but we spent so much time with our Greek and Geometry, there was hardly any time for practice; therefore, we didn't have a regular on the team — no wonder the boys didn't win the championship. We looked forward, however, to the National pastime in which the representative of our class hit the headline for their outstanding feats — the word is spelled feat-s — although some of our pedal extremities stood out rather well, too.

Hastily the time rolled by and in April we were surprised to learn that Father Dacey was appointed pastor of Saint Ambrose's parish, Dorchester. Father shook hands and said good-bye personally to every member of the high school while he heartily recommended Father O'Connor, who more than lived up to representations. A bit of pleasure dotted this occasion for Father Dacey gave us the rest of the day off.

Then out of everything sprang the day of the Senior Prom threatened by a heavy rain, which let up long enough, however, to permit a great success. Remember what they said of us? "There wasn't a wall flower from the class of '39." They were all well bred.

At length, the final exams crept up. We topped them off with the supreme enjoyment of Class Day exercises and as the year comes to a happy close with surprises, jolts and pleasure, we slow down and stop while we look forward to a well-earned vacation, relishing the thought of the march to be continued in our Junior year.

JUNIOR

The march to school seemed tiring, but a thinned crew of classicals and commercials turned out for what seemed to be just another year. The opening day festivities were marvelous and they were made brighter by no homework! What a day! It came and went once every year. As we opened the Latin book, Sister ———'s Cicero, we read: "O Time! O Customes!" but we changed it to: "Always on time is our custom." Remember how James Shea and Timothy O'Connor protested, and still protest?

Tanous Thomas who never fails to ask a question whispered, "Who is that wonderful Sister who looks so amazed at us?" To whom it was replied, "It's Sister ———, she took Sister ———'s place." And would you believe it, Sister ——— is still amazed at us. Of course Sister ——— was used to us, she didn't mind.

As the final votes were tabulated in the class election the cry rang out, "Daniel Moran, reelected president; Mary McKenna, vice-president." How we smiled and looked at each other after these selections, I wonder why? William Gallagher became our treasurer and Helen Murphy took over the Secretary's chair.

So we advanced in age and wisdom to prepare ourselves for Father O'Connor's bi-monthly reading of report cards. These readings made history, you guessed it, ancient history. Remember the honor roll, I can't recall whether we have much reason to remember it or not.

Well look who is that tall, dark, handsome playwright and director whom Father O'Connor has engaged in his quest to set forth the motto, "Cathedral Leads, Others Follow," on the lips of the diocesan schools? It's John Henry Lawton. There was an abundance of dramatic material in our class, as we proved after our ill-starred rendition of, "She Stoops to Conquer" and the "Merchant of Venice". By the way, Fred Palmer is still blushing after his scene with Margaret Buckley and Ben Selvitelle's beard has been sent to the museum. With such promises of talent, Mr. Lawton was assured of the success which he has undeniably attained. Never has Cathedral engaged such plays as Mr. Lawton has directed.

The end of the football season is written with great pride as the name of Francis Rando is added to Cathedral's Hall of Fame. Our basketball team rendered an admirable account of themselves and presented no alibis in those few setbacks.

Let us not forget the inauguration of the Junior Journal by Sister ——— and the class of '39. This most reputable publication marked another milestone on our track of progress.

We cannot pass over that Christmas party at which Father O'Connor proclaimed the Christmas Holidays — another break for the Sisters.

"Hello Cathedral!" was echoed throughout the class as we returned from vacation. All was well. There were no midyear exams, pardon me, all was peaceful after this was announced. Class of '39 hearken to my verse:

Breathes one here with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is mine own mid-year exam
That I could pass, tho' I'd have to cram"?

The solemnity of this phrase slightly remodeled echoed as the voices of our silver tongued orators rang out competing for honors in Mr. Lawton's oratorical contest. Selections by the orchestra added to the pleasure of the evening. Incidentally, at this affair, hidden talent was discovered and also a little talent that should have been hidden.

Well, the Baseball season opened and the team was studded with stars from our class. Cathedral gave an excellent account of itself by taking the Catholic League Championship with ease. After the tournament at which Massachusetts saw Cathedral labeled by sports writers, "Team of the Year." It was intimated by Bob Quinn prexy of the Bees that Dan Moran was the hitter he was looking for.

To mention the prom is just another one of those things, but ah, what happened there! How we danced? Please don't ask us how, but we left the University Club with a reputation, you heard me, a good one!

Now alas, the end of the march, the end of another year is here again and we are looking ahead to that future day, for the final parade of our Senior Year.

SENIOR

The call to march is sounded for our last year, a year studded with remarkable feats, none of which can be overlooked. Well, the long awaited goal has, it seems, been reached too soon, but alas, time and tide wait for no man, not even for the class of '39.

We are entrusted to Sister ———, a rare privilege indeed, and Sister has always considered it such. Why not? Just look at the material brought forth from the elections of the Social Committee, Class Officers and the Year Book Staff. Allow me to mention a few celebrities: Richard Buck, the personality kid; Mary McKenna, the popularity girl; Tanous Thomas, who should conduct a question bee if he knew the answers, and of course, Francis Rando, undaunted by age.

Recall the extensive program mapped out by the Social Committee, the success they attained in putting over their functions, especially the first Alumni meeting and Freshman Initiation party. The Alumni meeting was a desire and an ideal finally realized, while the Freshman Initiation party was a real social event. The former was much more subtle and by no means a social function. At the latter Sister ——— experienced great solace in that she reaped the rewards of teaching Latin, especially verb tenses. It is also said of the social committee whose members include: Richard Buck, Mary McKenna, Margaret Buckley, Eileen Burke, Joseph Lahive, and Francis Rando, that they were eligible for top rank in the White Tower Association in Memoriam of the Hot Dog Sales.

The election of class officers has always been a success in our class and this year was no exception. Daniel Moran was elected Class President for the third time. Wonder if Mr. Roosevelt will imitate him? Helen Binkwitz, a newcomer to class politics, was elected vice-president, William Gallagher whose work at the mike during the Penny Sale was like to Jimmy Gallagher in that he's still hanging on, was chosen treasurer. Evelyn Sullivan was selected to show us how a secretary should act.

There is no time like the present to dwell on the sporting feats of Cathedral. After consulting the players this season about good breaks, bad breaks, injuries and so forth, I was inclined to write "In Memoriam". We cannot, however, overlook the splendid array of football players from our class headed by Captain Francis Moran, Francis Rando, Daniel Moran, Timothy O'Connor, Francis O'Brien, Tanous Thomas, Vincent Downing, and of course, old reliable John Harrington, who hasn't missed a game in years. The basketball team was exceptional, finishing third after losing its star in the heat of the campaign. With these notable achievements fresh in mind, the boys are headed for the Baseball season with Francis Moran and Vincent Downing in the market for batting averages. Incidentally, John Doherty was elected mascot, but the boys were afraid to let it out.

The productions of Mr. Lawton were heralded throughout the Cathedral empire as extraordinary, one success following another. Perhaps the crowning achievement was the surprise party for the Sisters. Here we saw students exhibit their talent and pranks for the benefit of everyone. There were girls with the taps of Eleanor Powell, actors like Clark Gable and Tyrone Power, singers with the voices of Lily Pons, a couple of radio announcers like Milton Cross and Don Wilson, a politician like James M. Curley, and an excellent exhibition of Mr. Lawton of an assistant master of ceremonies.

With the headlining social event of our career, the prom, floundering in our minds, we march to the end of the course. Let us balance the situation by recalling the things our educated fingers wrote in our Freshman year, mainly, our opinion on vital subjects, such as an ideal ambition, an invention, and so forth. Thus the class of '39 speaks!

Thomas Connolly, who considered the sophomores as temporary guides to the incoming Freshmen as the words of his composition written in '36 indicate, "They showed us around the building and they were the same for many days." Fred Palmer stated, May 10, 1935, his ideal in the following words: "The ideal person as I describe him is honorable and unselfish". Louise Barry has something to say on labor saving devices in the following epic: "An automatic dishwasher would be great aid to me, but would make other women lazy". James Shea puts restrictions on table talk namely, that Father shouldn't talk politics, because: "A riot starts". Vincent Downing portrays the perfect example of misfortune in the statement: "My sister tries to keep me home by telling my mother that I never do a thing, not even my homework." Sometimes we are inclined to believe her, anyway, the Sisters who know Vincent might.

With the words of Daniel Moran on April 17, 1935, as the most fitting expression of our vocation: "I hope that God gives us grace to carry on as His humble servants", let us close our history.

John Regan

SCENE I

Time: 1959
Place: Private Office of Dr. Daniel Caselden, Doctor of Dental Surgery.

To the right is the Dr.'s office and surgical room. Glimpses of the Dr. to be seen from time to time as door is pushed aside. At a desk (left) is the Dental Hygienist, Evelyn Sullivan checking bills, etc. A table with magazines, left front. Six chairs ranged between desk and table to left. One or two others to right. Enter at center Benjamin Selvitelle:

B. Selvitelle: Morning Miss Sullivan, Doctor in?

E. Sullivan: Yes, he's in. (Knocks at door right).

Doctor: All right, Ben, be right with you.

E. Sullivan: How long shall you be here in Boston with us? I read in the paper that you have received a new commission. Quite an advancement, isn't it?

B. Selvitelle: Oh yes, yes, the Commandant of the largest Trans-Atlantic flyer is quite a step ahead. We leave the new Boston Airport in about two weeks.

Doctor: So you're leaving soon, Ben.

B. Selvitelle: Yes, so I thought I'd have you fix me up before I start. (Exit to private room).

Enter Catherine Cleary and Helen Binkiwitz.

E. Sullivan: Hello girls, haven't seen you for some time.

Helen: No, my work as head bookkeeper of the firm has been so heavy that I've hardly had time to eat. Our manager, James Shea, certainly is hard to work for, overtime three nights this week already — no wonder he's a multi-millionaire the way he gets work out of his employees.

C. Cleary: And I've been on a long case. Nursing keeps one busy, too. This last assignment has been thoroughly enjoyable, though — caring for the Million Dollar Baby.

E. Sullivan: Margaret Buckley certainly must be proud of that darling child. Why he looks like an angel.

Helen: How could she leave him for two weeks?

Catherine: Well, her husband, Senator John Regan, had to go South to D. C. no urgent business and Margaret simply won't stay away from her husband. They were afraid to take the baby because he had a cold and moving him might have brought on pneumonia.

Helen: Oh, I see. Say, have you people heard from Kathleen Creedon and Mary Beausang?

Both: No!

Helen: They've just sailed for Germany today. Kathleen has been appointed Mathematical Research Director of the International College Association. She's going to interview some of the outstanding mathematicians of Europe and as Mary was going to visit her good friend, Sonja Henie, once again, they decided to go together as far as Germany. Mary thinks that Sonja may teach her some new skating steps. Mary's humble, considering that she's the World's Greatest Skater.

E. Sullivan: Well, if a person's in imminent danger of breaking her neck all of the time, it's just as well to be humble.

Enter Richard Buck and William Gallagher.

Richard: Well, well, if it isn't my old classmates again. By old, of course, I mean former, ladies. Never would I infer, when —

E. Sullivan: Just the same as ever, aren't you? Hello, Bill.

W. Gallagher: Hello, girls. Yes, the old Buck is still orating.

R. Buck: Yes, but boy, weren't you glad I could orate when it came to persuading Lawyer Tanous Thomas to take your case at the Bank.

W. Gallagher: Sure, I was. I love to hear you talk, old fellow. Keep it up.

Helen: When are America's greatest Orator and Philanthropist and the World's Greatest Banker going to stop quarrelling?

R. Buck: Oh, we enjoy it, who's this?

Enter two little boys, one with a shoe-shine box.

Boy to Evelyn: Doctor want his shine?

Evelyn: Yes, in a few minutes. You wait here. (To the others) You know this is Timothy O'Connor's boy. His father thinks the boy ought to earn some of his spending money, so he lets him do this.

William: I'm rather surprised that a man who has so much financial success lets the boy do such a thing.

R. Buck: Everyone to his taste, I suppose. And who's the little fellow?

E. Sullivan: Oh, he's James Shea's youngster. You know that Shea married Margaret Crowley, don't you.

R. Buck: Yes, I do remember. Gee, how old we're getting. Whoever thought we'd be placed as we are when we were back at old Cathedral.

W. Gallagher: Yes, and by the way, I heard you bought up all the land in the South End, from the Cathedral to Boylston St. and had it made into a beautiful park for Cathedral High.

R. Buck: Yes, and why are you so sly? How about that billion dollar school you've just had finished for Cathedral — on the land I gave. I hear they're using the old building exclusively for first year general science.

Doctor and Selvitelle enter.

Doctor: Hello Buck! Hello Bill! How's things?

W. Gallagher: Great Dan. Just talking to some old friends. Well, look who's here.

Enter Anne Taylor.

A. Taylor: This is a surprise. Hello, boys. Hi, girls.

Doctor: What's the matter Anne, you don't seem quite your smiling self?

A. Taylor: It's my head. Went over to Lal's last night and ate too much ice cream and apple pie. You haven't an aspirin, have you Dan?

R. Buck: Say, Anne, if your head's all right — tell us what's happened to you. We're all ears.

A. Taylor: Don't you know? I ain't a gossiper, but I heard that Anne Taylor is now the first lady of the land — in fact, Fran Moran makes a very nice husband. But he's so busy.

R. Buck: Well, I wouldn't have put even this past you, Anne, Fran sure liked to tease you at Old Cathedral.

A. Taylor: I have news of a few of our old classmates. Have you heard that Josephine Allibrandi has a ten year contract in Hollywood as a hair stylist for the stars? And say, Fran and I have made arrangements at Etheldreda Moynahan's Travel Bureau to go to Paris in the Spring. My aches are gone with the thought of Paris in the Spring!

R. Buck: It's well for you. I may see you over there. I'm going to Rome in May. (looks at watch) It's so late that I guess I'll just make an appointment, Dan, and leap over to the Club. What say, Bill?

W. Gallagher: Same for me; tomorrow all right?

E. Sullivan: 10 o'clock. 'Bye, boys, 'bye, Anne.

A. Taylor: 'Bye all. See you later.

Exit all but Doctor and Evelyn.

E. Sullivan: Guess I'll go out for a bit of lunch. Promised to meet Thelma Ray and Mary McKenna.

Doctor turns on radio. Rings for messenger, who goes out for sandwiches.

Radio: This is Station WXYZ in Boston. Your announcer, Thomas Connolly, is bringing you news while it is news. The former President of the Class of 1939 of Cathedral High School, Boston, Daniel Moran, has been oppointed Cardinal Secretary of State to Pope Pius XII. The new secretary was chosen, says the Holy Father, for his eminent worth as pacificator among warring nations and for his outstanding personal service to the Holy Father in averting heresy in Iceland.

Mary McKenna, as leading lady in the play "The Lady of Dreams" is drawing her sixth big week at the Colonial Theatre.

The million dollar baby, son of Senator John Regan and the former Margaret Buckley, will spend the Fall Season in London.

Delegate to England, Mr. Fred Palmer and his wife Helen Murphy, former Secretary to the President of the United States, will entertain Senator Regan and family at the Palmer's suite in Buckingham Palace.

Hollywood producers announced today that the successor of Shirley Temple will be the sweet, chubby and adorable Mary McLaughlin.

Messengers enters with lunch.

Doctor: You seem rather happy today, Mack, what's up?

Messenger: Oh, my uncle, John Riordan and my boss Francis O'Brien are going to take me with them to the Jolly Fellows Country Club for a great day.

Doctor: (paying him) That's fine . . . have fun.

Messenger: You bet, Doctor! (Exit)

Radio: Fred Hussey, by interperting some newly excavated Hellenic art has solved for civilization one of the mysteries of Greek History that the author of "Antigone" really did not wear a beard.

Former artist of Cathedral High, Joseph LaHive has made a great name for Cathedral by his interpretation of Venus. The statue has been placed in the Museum of Fine Arts . . . LaHive's assistant, Miss Anna LeBlanc, who does the teaching of art at his studio, has been declared one of the best art instructors in the world.

Mark Skiffington, because of his distinctive walk has been made chief usher at all the important affairs of the Philomathia organization.

The new stand in for Portland on Fred Allen's program, Margaret McDonald, has been such a grand success that the sponsor is considering making her permanent.

George Buck, that significant other half of Richard, has produced in his latest chemical puttering, a cure for Stephen Shucko's persistent and heretofore incurable sniffle.

Irene Czaja stars in the new and amazingly popular musical comedy, "The Tin Soldier", opening this week at the Majestic.

Tanous Thomas, noted lawyer and insurmountable debater has just been appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court by President Francis X. Moran.

The next news flashes will be at 12 o'clock midnight.

(Dan turns off radio) Enter Thelma Ray, Mary Engel, E. Sullivan.

T. Ray: Good afternoon, Doctor Dan, just think of it! I have now realized my one ambition, to be a front page accountant. (Shows newspaper).

M. Engel: And Dan, who would have thought, when I was studying under Mr. Lawton that my name would be in the headlines as the greatest Shakespearean actress? Of course, everybody knows that Mr. Lawton is now the world's greatest playwright and director.

Doctor: Congratulations! It surely is gratifying to see our classmates of '39 prospering so well in their various walks of life. Miss Sullivan will make an appointment for you.

E. Sullivan: All right, Friday at 11:30. Yes, the Doctor is quite busy. Must you go?

M. Engel: Yes, we really must, but we'll see you at the reunion ball in Cathedral's new million dollar ballroom next Monday night. 'Bye.

E. Sullivan: Oh, I almost forgot to tell you. Louise Barry has been proclaimed, America's greatest tap dancer, and Mary King has a reputation for being the most accurate stenographer.

T. Ray: That is news. Hope all our classmates will be at the reunion ball. (Exit T. Ray)

Doctor: I think I'll run along home. I promised my wife, Lillian Donovan, you know, that I'd take her to the races this P. M. If you like, you may have the rest of the day off. Good afternoon.

E. Sullivan: Goodnight Doctor. (Sits down and puts papers, etc. in order.) (Telephone rings)

E. Sullivan: Hello, Dr. Caselden's office. Oh, Oh! (cooly) John? Well, I don't know whether I want to go or not. No. Yes, I am cross, why? Just think a minute and you'll know. You can't guess! Well, you were talking to Helen Gesian again yesterday when I was going by her store. What? It was business. John, you can't make me believe it . . . What . . . she's not anywhere near me to you . . . What do you mean? (melting a little) Oh, you like me better, oh. Why aren't you coming for me? You have a rehearsal . . . You'll send Shuko . . . yes, he's a good chauffeur, he has such keen eyesight . . . yes, but . . . but, John about Helen, why do you tease me so . . . tell me . . . you're buying imported draperies? . . . John are you crazy? . . . What on earth do you want draperies for? Helen's the best for imported goods . . . But why do you want draperies . . . You'd rather tell me later? That's right, change the subject. What? You want to take me someplace tonight . . . this afternoon? You have to talk to Helen again? Why do you want me, then? You prefer not to tell me over the phone? John Doherty! I don't care whether you are the Nation's greatest violinist . . . I . . . I . . . you . . . I won't speak to you again unless you tell me this very minute why you want me, when you're going to talk to . . . What? John! . . . To choose my diamond? . . . Oh, John, Oh, yes, yes, I'll be ready, I'll go over to Symphony Hall and wait for you. 'Bye, John dear.

CURTAIN

SCENE II

Heaven — St. Peter in flowing white robes and a halo, stands before the Gate of Heaven. Enter James Shea, John Murphy (?), Francis Rando, Vincent Downing, Eileen Burke.

E. Burke: May I enter Heaven?

St. Peter: What have you done while on earth? I see that you were a Sister of St. Joseph, what good works did you perform?

E. Burke: I taught English in Cathedral High School for twenty years and . . .

St. Peter: Enough, Sister, you have more than earned a heaven of Eternal Rest. (Enters Gate)

St. Peter: And what did you do to merit Heaven?

J. Shea: I succeeded Mr. Walsh as history teacher of the Cathedral . . . . Poor fellow, he's now in the Home for Worn Out History Teachers, mumbling something about the class of '39. But nobody pays any attention to him, thank goodness.

St. Peter: The class of '39 wasn't that bad was it? I heard that they were the smartest group that ever graduated from Cathedral.

J. Shea: Yes, the smartest class that graduated from Cathedral in '39.

St. Peter: Who is next to give a reason why I should let him through these gates?

F. Rando: Well, I think I'm next, but before you ask any questions, I'll tell you that I played baseball for the New York Yankees, and led the American league for batting honors in 1949.

St. Peter: Why, you're quite a celebrity.

Rando: Oh think nothing of it. Do you want my autograph? I can also get you the autograph of Red Downing, the famous Red Sox Outfielder, he was the best fielder in the American League the same year I won the Batting Championship.

St. Peter: Well, introduce me to this famous gentleman. You may have been great in some ways but, I doubt if sports will be quite enough to get you into heaven.

V. Downing: No need for introduction, St. Peter, I feel as if I've known you all my life, but if you ever need some lessons in playing baseball, just look me up. But of course . . . . .

(Murphy interrupts at this point)

Murphy: (excitedly) Look! Look! Over there, at that cloud!

St. Peter: Where?

Murphy: Over there (pointing away from the group — all rush in while St. Peter is not looking.)

THE END

Eileen Burke,
John Harrington,
'39

CLASS WILL

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS: We the super-intellectual class of 1939 being, of apparent sound and disposing mind, despite arguments to the contrary, set forth this our last testament and will so as to distribute properly these our personal possessions among the hopeful aspirants, especially the direct recipients of the most revered name of "Seniors"; namely, the class of '40. We hereby revoke and nullify all former wills and testaments or other documents in the nature thereof by the Senior Class at any time heretofore made.

FIRST: To Father O'Connor we leave our promise to become the outstanding figures which he strove so hard to make us. We also leave to our Rector, our sympathy upon the terrible loss he sustains by the departure of the class of '39.

SECOND: To Mr. Walsh we leave our History books and our commendations for his unusual patience.

THIRD: To Mr. Lawton we leave our kindest thanks. May he never have a Dark Hour.

FOURTH: To the Juniors we not only leave the honored name Senior, but our unsurpassable achievements to be surpassed if they wish to try.

FIFTH: To the Sophomores we leave a path of experience so that they may one day become Seniors. For particulars, see any Senior before Class Day.

SIXTH: To the Freshmen we leave three long years of hard work, sleepless

nights and a flame of youthful enthusiasm to be cooled down by the over-abundance of home lessons.

SEVENTH: To everybody in general we leave the drinking fountains that don't work, or if they do, are too closely guarded to be of any help.

EIGHTH: We leave our school to itself, but not for long. We shall be back for every alumni activity even if we have to borrow the carfare.

SPECIAL BEQUESTS —

FIRST: Tanous Thomas leaves his long-drawn-out arguments to anyone who can stay awake.

SECOND: To our future orchestra Mary Beausang leaves her trumpet whose only rival is Gabriel's.

THIRD: Fred Palmer hands down deep meditation to Tom O'Brien. O'Brien.

FOURTH: Margaret Buckley leaves her school spirit in streamlined bottles to incoming classes.

FIFTH: From Stephen Shuko falls that certain bashfulness to Ferdinand Lambert.

SIXTH: Margaret McDonald leaves the tribulations of the intricate filing system with a sigh of relief.

SEVENTH: Richard Buck leaves a booming voice to be caught by someone who wishes to be Master of Ceremonies.

EIGHTH: Helen Binkwitz and Eileen Burke leave the melodic misery of Allegro, Il Penseroso, Comus and Lycidas to poetic successors.

NINTH: Tim O'Connor leaves his nonchalence to Bernie Kerr.

TENTH: Mary Engel and Thelma Ray leave a fund for the purchase of an automobile to convey loyal Cathedralites to their beloved Alma Mater.

ELEVENTH: George Buck leaves his clock-watching to the March of Time and Edward Doherty.

TWELFTH: Evelyn Sullivan leaves for a trip to Major Bowes' amateur hour with fervent hopes that she will become Jeanette McDonald's rival.

THIRTEENTH: Vincent Downing tosses his "trees" and "th" names to the aspirate H society.

FOURTEENTH: Mary McKenna leaves her gracious smile and the suggestion that the five minute filing between classes be reduced to three minutes.

FIFTEENTH: John Murphy leaves a disappearing act from work to Tim O'Leary.

SIXTEENTH: Etheldreda Moynihan leaves a fund for a new mimeo-graph to relieve home-room teachers' eye strain.

SEVENTEENTH: James Shea pours forth a big wind to ward off a future hurricane.

EIGHTEENTH: Mary McLaughlin leaves a fund for the purchase of a record-ing machine, the standard phrase of which shall be, "No talking, please."

NINETEENTH: John Harrington leaves his protegé. "No, I can't bear to leave her", says John.

TWENTIETH: Mary King leaves Gregg's Shorthand to lucky commercials.

TWENTY-FIRST: Daniel Caseldon wills his Greek book to the Greeks in the shades of Hades.

TWENTY-SECOND: Kathleen Creedon leaves to those of large appetitites the

lingering torture of waiting for the second lunch shift over at Lal's.

TWENTY-THIRD: Francis O'Brien tosses his love to the world at large.

TWENTY-FOURTH: Helen Gesien and Irene Czaja leave their Fred Astaire Philosophy to bashful, blushing Freshmen.

TWENTY-FIFTH: Fred Hussey leaves his bright colored socks to future jitterbugs.

TWENTY-SIXTH: Josephine Alibrandi leaves her perfect hairdo to Daphine McLaughlin.

TWENTY-SEVENTH: Helen Murphy leaves to Cecelia King that inexplicable something which made her a leader on the Basketball court and in the classroom.

TWENTY-EIGHTH: Benjamin Selvitelle leaves his super technique with the ladies to Bob Higgenbottem.

TWENTY-NINTH: Joseph Lahive leaves snowshoes for dancing to Art Boyle.

THIRTIETH: Louise Barry bequeaths her dancing ability to Joseph Collette.

THIRTY-FIRST: John Doherty leaves his rattle to Matrone to take up his time during study periods.

THIRTY-SECOND: Francis Rando leaves athletic prowess to Al Segadelli.

THIRTY-THIRD: Anna LeBlanc leaves her drawing pencil to John Staffiere.

THIRTY-FOURTH: John Riordan leaves his swift moving feet to whosoever has one foot in the grave.

THIRTY-FIFTH: Margaret Crowley leaves her facility for being on time to Madeline McManus.

THIRTY-SIXTH: William Gallagher bequeaths his capitalistic tendencies as treasurer to John Brady.

THIRTY-SEVENTH: Daniel Moran reluctantly places in the hands of admirers the long Washington Street walk.

THIRTY-NINTH: John Regan leaves the success of his sensational berth to future voters of Cathedral High.

FORTIETH: Mark Skiffington leaves exquisite manners to Walter Murray.

FORTY-FIRST: Thomas Connolly leaves a sheaf of jokes to be contemplated.

FORTY-SECOND: Lillian Donovan leaves her abundant worries of the day before report cards to Mary Roche.

FORTY-THIRD: Francis Moran leaves the regret that he can't Lambeth Walk with two certain people who frequent Washington Street.

Guardianship Clause:

Upon our departure from this world of desks and classrooms, we name our Sisters guardians as long as their lives shall last, of our most precious possessions, our souls. We beg that by their prayers, our Sisters will continue to guide us on the way to Eternal Life. We feel that to no other persons can we better entrust the care of their spiritual children than to those who will always remember that "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." We place Father O'Connor as joint guardian, that he may use, if he will, his personal influence on our behalf with Christ the King.

In testimony whereof, we set our hand and seal on this day of June, One Thousand, Nine Hundred and Thirty-Nine.

Signed: *Lillian Donovan, Francis Moran,* Testators for Class of '39.

JUNIORS' THANK YOU

To you who are nearing the end of a four year voyage upon the sea of scholastics, who are completing that intimacy with the school which only being one of its student body can formulate, to you who are shedding the cloak which marks you as students and who are donning the garments of Catholicism's young men and women of the world, to you who are leaving your friends, within the benevolent folds of Cathedral portals, to you who are losing by your graduation your awesome position as seniors which you held for one short year, we the Class of 1940 who dare to draw breath during the year of your Seniorial reign, offer you our sympathy and our undying gratitude for leaving us your esteemed position and for leaving the school.

Before we drop forever our role of humble servants and step proudly into the holy of holies, the fulfilment of all our dreams, the throne room of the kings, and the domicile of the mighty, and before you drop the dignities that are automatically conferred on a senior when he steps for the first time into the Senior Room, we the Juniors still, though only for a short time, in all humility and meekness, giving you the honor befitting your position, do hereby give you, the Seniors, for the many benefits you have conferred upon us this vote of thanks:

We the class of "40" thank you, the class of "39" for:

1. Your Christian ideals which overcame your patrician aloofness and forced you to recognize freshmen with a nod of your head.

2. Your nature of animal love which forced you to look so intelligently and lovingly at certain chemical analyses in the presence of underclassmen.

3. Your quiet dignity and well modulated voices.

4. Your sense of duty to your country in reviving in this section a craving for that stomach-filling delight, "The American Hot Dog".

5. For their generosity the various committees, particularly the one which handled the spreading of mustard over the bodies of the above-mentioned hot dogs.

6. Your good fortune in having among you the Lionel Barrymore of tomorrow, Richard Buck, who gave us all many moments of enjoyment.

7. The lack of senior's dignity which permitted certain Seniors to chum around with lowly sophomores.

8. The sportsmanship of the Senior Class basketball team in allowing the Juniors to beat them just to make them feel good.

9. The amused glances which the Senior class gives to Junior members in their respective classrooms daily.

10. Your appreciating the fact that Ringling Bros. Circus should long ago have signed up Messrs. O'Leary, Duffy and Doherty.

11. The excellent showing of James Shea as Santa at our Christmas plays. Many of the youthful freshmen still believing in St. Nick, refused to think that it was he who bought them gifts rather preferring to believe it was James Shea.

12. The experienced barking of the auctioneer at the Senior Penny Sale.

Having reversed the usual proceeding of putting something light and happy after something just the opposite, we now set down occasions and individuals truly not ironically or jokingly deserving of the School's and the Juniors' gratitude.

WE THANK:

1. The Senior Class as a whole just for being one of the most ambitious, loyal, perservering classes ever to leave our portals.

2. Those members of the Class who during their four years here, gave unstintingly of their time and talents towards the furtherance of Cathedral's Athletic prowess.

3. The members of the social committee whose social innovations filled to overflowing our joy and made the same line much brighter for their successors the Juniors.

4. To that member of the Senior class in whom is found that rare combination of scholastic and athletic skill, a worthy president of a worthy class, Daniel Moran.

5. To the wisdom of the Seniors on the football team in picking as the leader of next year's hopefuls a worthy captain from among the juniors in the person of Al Segadelli:

6. To the Senior members of Mr. Lawton's various plays not only for providing us with many hours of hilarious and dramatic entertainment but also for spreading the name of the school among people of social and artistic prominence.

7. To Thomas Connolly this year's manager of all sports, a boy who typifies the spirit which all students should have ingrained in them.

8. Finally, to the Senior class for placing on our blushing forehead the crown of might, in our hand the sceptre of a ruler, the masterpiece of our Kingdom relinquishing to us their coveted title of Senior.

Thomas Kiely, '40

DAYDREAMING

Daydreaming, I lie on a grassy lea
And watch the clouds drift over me —
Icebergs on a celestial sea.

Joseph LaHive

CLASS POEM

Go forth into the world, my soul, and dare
To face thy life with courage strong and high,
To spread thy faith, thy goodness everywhere,
To raise thy fellow-beings ever nigh
To virtue and to greater, grander things;
In sun and shadow be the truth thy care.
Let not the empty word on sodden wings
Be all thy message to a saddened race,
Nay, rather, let thy deeds — eternal springs —
Well up and make the world a flowering place
With smiling gardens and with verdant lea,
Where happy hearts beat high with holy grace
And heaven's blessings shower down on thee
And give thee joy and sweet tranquility.

Oh, what are words but vain and viewless breath,
But feathered foam, or tinselled nothingness,
But silver arrows bearing poisoned death,
If deeds shall follow not with true impress?
True deeds! these are the strength, the armor worn
'Gainst shafts of unbelief and swords of stress;
These are the weapons that the saints have borne —
The fiery spirit of a Xavier's zeal,
The stalwart patience of a Teresa torn
By vigils and by journeyings; the seal
Of Christ's own life and love and word —
Yea, fruitful deeds are what our souls reveal
Unto themselves and others, all unheard:
With deeds as swords shall we our hearts upgird.
Then, forth, my Soul, into a world of greed;

Go forth strong-armed, and in this hour of need
Strive, conquer by thy manly, fearless deed!

Margaret Buckley,

KNOW THYSELF

These paragraphs are for the benefit of the underclassmen. May they read and learn their proper place in the plan of things . . . . and may they learn the true worth of a SENIOR!

The Freshman is said to be one who knows not that he knows not. At the beginning of his High School career, he is full of pep and determination. He begins to show the rest of the world just how much of a grown-up he is. Thinking himself an object of wonder and admiring glances, the Freshman shows his infant face at all the activities of school life that his slender frame of body and of mind will permit. He dashes into science classes in which he considers himself rapidly eclipsing the professors brilliance. He tries his brain at Mathematics and dubs them "a cinch". Twisting his smattering of Latin lusciously around his tongue, he swaggers like a Caesar riding triumphantly over the necks of the conquered nations. To him History has no terrors — is HE not the MAKER of history? But under the strain of basketball or football, his violent emotions and choice use of English show what he really is; a little child making a valiant effort to be and to be thought rather adult. Only when the Freshman looks back on his early feats of daring and self-confidence does he begin to realize his childishness and inanity. When he finally acquires the gray matter sufficient to conclude this, his freshman days are over. No longer is he so persistent as a blade of ordinary grass, nor so green; he has grown into that species of towering and uncultivated weed known as A SOPHOMORE.

Daniel Moran

The Sophomore is said to be one who knows not and knows that he knows not. He enters his second year with overflowing joy prepared to teach the in-coming Freshmen all the tricks of the trade that he has acquired in his long experience. Although to all appearances, the spark of self-assurance is still burning brightly, in reality, it is disintegrating as the Sophomore wraps himself in the layers of Greek, Latin and French as in a fog. He is an object of wonder to the Freshman, an object of pitying smiles to the Juniors as he begins to realize how little he knows. The Sophomore steps around with lowered head, mumbling to himself, wishing there weren't any such things as homelessons. His admiration of the Juniors and the Seniors is increased as he asks himself, with a sigh, "How did they do it?" In his

self-pity, he lays balm to his wounded spirit by the contemplation of the fact that "if others did it, he can do it." Yet, he goes about accomplishing this task doubtfully, as though in a haze. Somehow, he feels that he knows less than he did when he was a Freshman. This emotion of puzzled inferiority is merely the significant sign that the Sophomore is now in that peculiar "neither flesh nor fish" stage of his career — he is A JUNIOR.

Francis Moran

The Junior is said to be one who knows and knows not that he knows. Having shed his apt title "Wise Fool", the young hopeful dashes on the second half of his High School course with surprise at his own rapid progress. But soon the surprise wears off and astonishment takes its place. The Junior finds himself the hero and wonder of the awe-stricken Freshmen and Sophomores. He manifests his abilty in the field of Chemistry by doing everything except completely blowing up the school. In his other lessons, his one theme-song is, "Gee, I don't see how I'm wrong! Maybe the teacher or the book is wrong, of course . . . . " Above all, in outside activities, the Junior tries to prove to the rest of the school that he really is SOMEONE. The poor fellow is totally unaware of the fact that his hands and feet are not to be trusted to look graceful, that his expression is the acme of pained and semi-somnolent boredom, that his hair indicates the mental attitude of surprise. He goes blithely through life wondering how other people can be so stupid, so thoughtless, so everything that he is not. At last, as the third year nears its close, the Junior decides that the school cannot get along without him and accordingly he prepares to take over the reins of school government. At just the right moment, he bursts the ungainly cocoon of his Junior year and becomes that most marvelous of all creations — A SENIOR!

Daniel Moran

A senior is one WHO KNOWS and KNOWS THAT HE KNOWS!!!! How can I with a fountain pen and mere ink transfer to paper a Senior's opinion of himself? (Not that he flatters himself, for he knows that he is right.) Ah, rather, ye gods of the marvelous, descend upon your invisible pinions,

and place within my restive palm a mighty sword beaten of the silver of the morning star and dripping with the sapphire dusk of evening, with the rosy glow of dawning, with the fire of compounds of trinitrotoluene, that I may carve in undying figure this grand emotion! A Senior! I pause to draw an admiring breath and vision once again the exquisite picture. A Senior! A being envied of all underclassmen in the choice phrase, "lucky fellow!" A Senior! Pride of his Alma Mater, admired of his associates, the wonder of the world to the eyes of astonished teachers, the matchless in might, the dreamed of, the lauded, the courted, the applauded, the enamored of beauty, the epitome of all manliness, the mountain peak of perfection, the glory of the universe, the envied of alumni, the pillar of the Church — behold him in all his radiance on the threshold of the world! What wonderful prizes this great big orb holds for him! What fun, what excitement, what romance! What success he will meet with — Caesar and Napoleon should come from their graves to marvel at the super-colossal deeds that the Senior will certainly accomplish. This little planet called the world will vibrate with thunderous approbation as the Senior's exploited dreams blossom into realities . . . .

But — what is that darkness in the picture? . . . the possibility of failure? . . . the possibility of poverty? . . . the possibility of loneliness? Can it be that such things may be the lot of the Senior? Things beside which tedious homework is mere laughter-raising child's play? Perish the thought! The world is his! Only a few more moments of school life now to hold him back from the realization of his fondest dreams. Boy, but he'll be gald to get out of school at last! The sooner the better! If the moment would only come! . . . . . The moment has come . . . . gee, he'd sort of like to "stick around the old place for a while longer . . . . . "

Francis Moran

AN IDEAL DAY AT SCHOOL

Having chewed to stubs two pencils, two erasers and my finger-nails, I attempt to present to you, though I fear the outcome, a description of an "ideal day at school". To give the class opinion would be an impossibility and beyond all doubt it would cause a heated debate "There isn't any such thing!" "No school at all." "Seven study periods." "The last day of school." "The day before the Christmas vacation." and many such words would burst upon the surrounding ozone. Yet, with all this my question would go unanswered, for we could hardly call such events a day at school. Therefore, I perceive that I shall have to give my own idea on the subject.

We enter the classroom on any day, that is, except Monday, for Monday can never be an ideal day, holidays excluded. We are now in the classroom. Brilliant rays of sunshine stream through its open windows, it

must be a nice day for cold, rainy or bad weather would spoil our ideal day. The room seems unusually bright, the clouds of worry which formerly hung therein have disappeared. The room holds no fears for us on this cheery day. We bring proof that the age of miracles has not passed. Surely you can see the transformation that has taken place — don't we look different? Isn't there something unusual about us? What! You can't see it? Why, we have accomplished something, something which is bound to make this an ideal day. What have we done? We have done all our homework! Ah! I see that look of surprise on your face, but now you know why the sun is so bright, why we feel free, we are fully prepared to meet the coming attacks of Latin, English, History, Franch and Geometry, the foe holds no fear for us, we are ready! We meet the ideal day!

Fred Palmer

MATH

I think that I shall never see
A test as hard as Math to me;

A test that makes me sit and frown
To see my marks go plumping down;

A test that makes me wonder how
I possibly can pass Math now;

Math is taken by saps like me
But only the Lord can get me B.

Kathleen Creedon

CHS goes to a Prom

TWO DRESSED FOR A DANCE

I

A Girl

You are fragrant, glowing, lovely
As a velvet-petalled rosebud
In the first awakening of summer
You are thrilling sweet like a sky of turquoise
O'er the desert sands of Araby.
In your eyes
Surge the fallen petals
Of forget-me-nots — rare passed moments
Commingled and suffused with glamorous color
Of small dew-washed violets
Provoking pure unending dreams.

II

A Boy

Yes, true, your face —
It is the meeting place
Of golden dreams half-dreamed
And priceless opportunities.
And your brown hand —
It is the strength of grand
Nobility, sincerity, and truth,
The pledge of goodness and of worth,
Of labor, of protection and of love
To last through endless years.

Louise Barry

THE SEASONS

Sweet Spring — a laughing girl
With eyes of blue and hair a-curl
To set your head and heart a-whirl.

And Summer, golden, dreamy-eyed,
White water-lily grace, meek pride,
Stately sweet, a June-rose bride.

Redlipped Autumn, dark and fair,
Rainbow leaves wreathed in her hair,
A joyous heart, a jaunty air.

And Winter — slender, silver-dressed,
Smoothe hair with sparkling diamond crest —
Of all the seasons she is best.

Anne Taylor

"THE PLAY'S THE THING . . ."

Resounding through the yearning minds of men,
Deep secret hope reveals a latent spark,
A longing for what will be — might have been —
For love, fame, war, for tragedy or lark. . .

The stage presents a dreamland of escape.
Upon it heroes gloriously live again,
While Beauty draws back dullness as a drape
That shuts away sweet dreams from mortal men. . .

Each player from his inmost soul does pour
The love of man, his triumphs and his ills,
And with him lives the dreamer each act o'er,
As to the throbbing scene his heart-beat thrills. . .

Finis . . . the play is done — alas, too fast —
The dream is gone — (what common dust are we!)
Ah, now, the part is played, the glory passed,
And glamour gives place to reality.

Ah, men do strive through life from babyhood
To be what they are not — to seem; perchance
This striving raises them to higher good
And lends to sorrow rays of bright romance.

Margaret Buckley

GOOD ADVICE

O let me not from Freshmen with true minds
Detract intelligence! But — work not much,
For gray hairs come and Beauty Parlor finds
Small wrinkles many, and blemishes and such.

Of course, 'tis not an ever-fixed mark
To be on Honor Roll, so do not weaken.
Crowfeet, deep frowns come creeping in the dark
To those whose nights with studying books are taken.

Then grind not, keep your rosy lips and cheeks,
Two hours will do — beware of any more —
Before exams you can make up for weeks
And then the teacher's mercy can implore.

Th' advice of Seniors, though, is often wrong,
'Cause they are through and Life's for them a song!

Kathleen Creedon

VALEDICTORY

OUR LADY OF SORROWS

The world is returning to Mary. After centuries of weary searching for comfort and for assurance of soul, after ages of heart-sick wandering among forests of false philosophies, after years of trial and error in religious tenets, men of goodwill throughout the world are coming back to Christ along the road of love which is Christ's Mother. Not only are Catholics, who have always loved Mary, beginning to venerate her more in public devotion, but even non-Catholics, attracted by the Mother's sweetness, are praying at her feet. Quite suddenly have individuals discovered that Mary is the ideal expression of what they had in vain hoped to find in our old New England Yankee Humanitarianism. Instead of mere well-wishing, mere shallow pretense at charity, the thinkers of the world have found in Mary a soul-satisfying belief joined to eminent charity both material and spiritual. Hence it is that Catholic and non-Catholic alike are setting aside a day of the week as Mary's Day.

In our own Cathedral, as you know, each Friday we honor our Blessed Mother under the title of Our Lady of Sorrows. Over seven hundred years ago, on the feast of her assumption into heaven, Our Blessed Mather appeared to seven noblemen of Florence, instructing them to establish a religious order which would preach her sorrows to the world. On Good Friday, seven years later, Mary appeared again to the Seven Holy Founders of the Servite Order and presented them with a habit of her own designing. She also indicated to them the rule by which her order should be governed and gave them the name of "Servants of Mary". From that time, a fire of devotion to our Lady of Sorrows, unprecedented in history has spread over the civilized world. Crowds of Christians throng the churches each Friday to honor the Mother of God under her new title. And it is her message under the name of Our Lady of Sorrows that we bring to you tonight.

Down through all the ages from the beginning of time, the mysterious hand of Sorrow has touched the brow of youth and of age, of wealth and of poverty, of guilt and of innocence. No century nor race, nor generation can claim ignorance of sorrow. From the valleys of the world a continuous cry has risen to the heavens, "Why must we suffer? Why should innocence and ignorance and poverty be borne to earth with pain and sadness and woe? Why is it that

All those who journey, soon or late
Must pass within the Garden's gate,
Must kneel alone in darkness there
And battle with some fierce despair?"

For centuries the answer was not clearly heard — though deep in his heart man knew that suffering was and is the penalty of sin. In the Garden of Gethsemane, God's Son gave to man the example of how to accept and bear suffering. But God's Son, though human was divine, and man needed the example of a creature like himself who could and would bear suffering

with only human patience, human fortitude and human strength. And so God in His all knowing mercy gave us His Mother to fulfill that need, to guide us along that way of suffering where all man must some day walk. Mary is a perfect guide for she was poor, she was simple, she was innocent — yet she suffered more than any other human being. Mary is God's sweet invitation to learn the hidden meaning, the atoning value, the spiritual beauty that is bound up with this mysterious gift of suffering. In studying Mary's sorrows we learn how to bear our own more perfectly.

Mary experienced in a high degree both mental and physical suffering; the sorrow of parting from her well-loved parents, from her Son, the sorrow of suspicion, of misunderstanding, the sorrow of knowing in advance even the details of her Son's bitter passion and death, the grief of loneliness, the humiliation of mockery. Mary also knew the troubles that attend poverty; she felt physical weakness, weariness, danger, and that inexpressible anguish, — inability to suffer in the place of a Son well-loved. How must her mother's heart have bled when she gazed upon Christ nail-pierced, and thought of Bethlehem when

Upon His Mother's throbbing breast
The Christ-Child's hands were closely pressed
As soft as folded lilies fair
Or snowflakes singing in the air.

How must she have winced to hear the shouted blasphemies, — she who had cradled this very Son to the sound of Angel voices?

Mary, the perfect, the sinless has suffered thus. Can she not, therefore, understand our sufferings? Can she not sympathize and console? Her human heart alone would prompt her to this, yet Mary has still another motive for coming to our aid — Christ, her Son, permitted her to share so deeply in His sufferings that she has won the title Coredemptrix of the World. All the mother's pain on Calvary was joined to Christ's so closely that Mary's love for man approaches almost to a love that is divine. What greater affection could there be on earth than this human love strengthened with the divine?

Mary despises no one. Is man weak, sinful? These ills but make him in the eyes of Mary more needy of love and compassion, because she knows man's need of making reparation and atonement will not always ask her Son to take away man's pain, she may not reveal God's plan in man's suffering and sorrow, but she will teach him the lesson that she has learned from Christ — that suffering is not evil.

Accepted rightly, suffering becomes a grace, a privilege. It is the only coin that will purchase happiness on earth or in Heaven. The royal road to heaven is the way of the Cross, the way of sorrow and of sacrifice.

Fellow graduates, let us look to Mary and receive her message. There is not one of us here who is not fired with a desire to advance the cause of Christ, the cause of happiness in this world. There is not one of us who does not wish to bring consolation, faith, courage and all greatness to bear upon our own lives and the lives of others. There is not one of us who does not aspire to make those with whom we come in contact better, — hap-

pier than they were before. Behold our opportunity! With the sure knowledge of right that our faith gives us, with the grace of God and the courage of God coming to us through Mary, the Mother of Sorrows, we can become an unlimited power for good — we can assuage the pains of men, and touch their hearts. We can convince those who suffer that

It is a truth beyond our ken and yet a truth that all may read,
The sweetest hearts are those that bleed,

that

Comfort blooms on pain, and peace on strife,
And gain on loss.

Oh Mary, Queen of Martyrs, Our Lady of Sorrows, we pray that you will guide and guard us in this world of strife and suffering, of selfishness and sorrow. *Tonight*, as with deep regret we leave the portals of our high school, *tomorrow*, and in all the years to come, wherever and whenever we stand hesitatingly upon the threshold of some vital decision, remind us that one day we shall stand as suppliant before Thy Son and that on that far day thou wilt open to us the gate of paradise, the threshold of eternal joy,

Gateway fair, art thou, O sinless Mary
Gate of the one true dawn art thou
Gate of angels into earth
The Gate of angels to heaven.

Eileen Burke '39

SCHOOL THOUGHTS

Our school we leave behind us,
But not to be forgot —
Its memories will be with us
To linger to the end;
Our hearts will e'er be dreaming
Of days with gladness fraught;
We'll think of old Cathedral
As of a well-loved friend.

Vincent Downing

SALUTATORY

THE CATHOLIC YOUTH ORGANIZATION

The world today appears to be Youth-conscious. The newspapers, the magazines, the radio, the theatre and the pulpit, all these declare the hope of the world to be in our present young men. That the strength and safety of a community, that the very destiny of a nation depends upon the virtue and intelligence of its youth has ever been true, but the age-old fact has become startingly vivid, because we see it now in floodlights of twentieth century publictiy. Every generation and every century has its own peculiar, difficult, and solemn problem and — having once discovered its source — unhesitatingly directs serious attention to finding its solution.

Our day has seen the perversion of youth, has seen the fairest flower in the garden of creation — a young mind — forced to offer and unfold itself to the influence of diabolical agencies — has witnessed the havoc wrought by men, who in the springtime of their existence, misused the benefits of time to form evil habits and to blot out the memory of their Creator, Redeemer and Sanctifier. That the career and endeavors of such creatures may not ruin our beloved land of America — may not corrupt our Catholic Youth, thoughtful and God-fearing men are emphasizing the importance of youth, pointing out from every angle that this is the season when character assumes permanency and color, when courses are shaped for time and eternity.

They remind us that in days gone by the Home, the Church, and the School working together, controlled and inspired the growing boy and girl, but that in this modern age these ties are frequently weak and not always coöperative, so that it becomes easy for youth to escape their salutary guidance during hours of leisure. These considerations have found practical expression in the new movement known as The Catholic Youth Organization which has for its direct object to keep Catholic boys under the influence of Catholic training, instruction, association and activity, in order that they may develop into Catholic men, true to God and loyal to country.

The Catholic Youth Organization is a system and a federation. As a system, it has a definite objective and program based on the best and most attractive features found in all other recreational movements. It takes careful cognizance of the boy whom it would help. It recognizes his craving for fellowship and activity, his thirst for adventure, his love for the mysterious, his fascination by the hazardous. It visualizes the boy's ideals of courage, of loyalty and of justice, and provides for their attainment by building on the raw materials of boisterous play, crude manners, youthful rashness, and greedy ambition.

Each group of these red-blooded Catholic Youth Organization boys is to enjoy the spiritual direction and friendship of a priest, so that the Spirit of God may be as intimately associated with hours of leisure as is His Sacramental Presence with the Church. Under this Christian atmosphere the organization offers activity in athletics, debating, dramatics, orchestra, and religious Apologetics. Each field is planned to have a leader, that discipline, fair play and proper achievement may be assured.

These leaders are a very necessary part of the Catholic Youth Organization, if its laudable program is to be accomplished. At present, the directors of the organization are seeking candidates. They must be men whose word and act will appeal to Catholic parents as worthy examples for their sons. They must furnish the inspiration for these Catholic youth of today to become the Catholic men of tomorrow. They must be leaders, who through the activities of the Catholic Youth Organization, will prove capable of molding and directing Catholic young men in those long leisure hours when boys are ordinarily out of the direct supervision of the Home — the Church — and the School. Under such leadership it is not too much to expect that our Catholic boys will be fitted to face the problems of the age and enter the battle of life not only with the theoretical knowledge of the classroom, but the practical knowledge of experience.

We should give serious thought to the Catholic Youth Organization, to its object and its need in the modern world of today. Unless we Catholics support it, our Youth will be lost to us, and captured by the enemy. Each day the forces of conflict, uncertainty, and evil are lining up in an army against God, His Church, and His teachings. Everywhere the success of the conflict hinges upon the control of Youth. Whoever gains control of Youth will win. The Catholic Youth Organization is striving valiantly to gain that control that those created to the image and likeness of God, redeemed by Him, and sanctified by Him — may so live as to bring about the reign of Christ in this world, and so die as to gain the eternal reward of Heaven in the next world.

Daniel Moran '39

ONE WORD VERSES

Romance . . .
Vacation
Crushes;
"Baby"
Blushes.

In Class . . .
Boy
Slouch —
Pin
Ouch!

Portrait . . .
Freshmen
Rosy;
Sophomore
Nosy;
Junior
Dozy;
Senior
Cosy.

At Cathedral . . .
Learn,
Advance,
Sing,
Dance.

In the Lab . . .
Rats'
Meat —
Brats
Treats.

Thomas Connolly

FUNCTIONS

CATHEDRAL
HIGH

DRAMATICS

The speech department of Cathedral High School opened its season with a presentation of three one-act plays just before the Christmas holidays. These plays included a one-act farce "THEY GOT WHAT THEY WANTED", a medieval pageant "THE MIRACLE OF THE GOLDEN BOUGH", a religious drama "THE KING COMES AT TWILIGHT". The next dramatic presentation was a program of four one-act plays on the evening of April 13 and 14. The program included two comedies and two plays of a more serious nature. The Freshmen again produced a farce, this time, "COUNTED OUT". The Sophomores made their initial appearance in a modern passion play "CHRIST COMES TO MULBERRY STREET". The Juniors and Seniors presented that rousing old melodrama "THEY AIN'T DONE RIGHT BY NELL" while the poetic tragedy "THE DARK HOUR", completed the evening. Further plans in the dramatic line include a Senior dramatic evening just before graduation.

Anne Taylor

ORCHESTRA

Since its formation four years ago, the Cathedral High Orchestra has grown steadily. The Class of '39 was most adequately represented by Eileen Burke, Irene Czaja, and John Doherty scratching on the Stradivarius, while Mary Beausang in soft or in martial tones sounded forth her trumpet.

Our thanks are due to those Alumni who returned to aid us in the orchestra. They include Helen Cronin '37, Mary Hagan '37, Catherine Beausang '38, Thomas Gearin '38, and Edward Tagney '38.

In years to come, we shall spend many pleasant moments recalling our orchestra rehearsals. Those were rehearsals indeed! We defy any school to out-do, or even match the tales of fun that we could tell about those memorable "get-to-gethers".

John Doherty

PUBLIC SPEAKING

Public speaking made its debut for the year in a League of Nations held during February. Some twelve speakers represented the views of the various world powers. The entire school joined in the open forum that followed. A little later, almost a hundred students joined in a program of skits, monologues, and music in honor of the SISTERS. The big speech note of the year, however, was undoubtedly the oratorical contest which was held Thursday night, May 25. Before distinguished judges, students and friends, six boys and six girls competed for various prizes.

Cathedral High School was represented in the Boys' Oratorical Competition at Boston College, the Catholic High School debating team and the speech competition of the Staley School of Expression in Brookline. The marked success of this department has made the speech work of Cathedral High School noteworthy throughout the diocese. This was particularly true of the Cathedral High School Choral Verse Choir which presented the PASSION OF CHRIST before some of the most distinguished audiences in Boston.

In all these various activities more than half of the students of Cathedral High School at one time or another participated. The excellent work accomplished in this field was due to the unfailing generosity and splendid direction of our speech teacher Mr. John Henry Lawton.

Anne Taylor

MISSIONS

Cathedral High School has made an earnest effort to support the Missionaries on the frontiers of Christianity. Our prayers have been offered daily that God may bestow everlasting grace upon the workers in the field that they may carry on the labor of gathering in the Harvest for Christ. We consider it a privelege to aid in our small way this vast movement, Catholic Action. Our adopted seminarian is now in his first year of theology at Korea.

The mission interests of the Cathedral High School have taught us one of the chief ways of service to Mother Church.

May God pour out his blessings on the members of the Cathedral High School, and help us to be true missioners at home as well as in fields afar.

Louise Barry

ATHLETICS

FOOTBALL

BASKETBALL

BASEBALL

CHEER LEADERS

FOOTBALL

Under the splendid coaching of Mr. John McCarthy and Mr. Roger Walsh, Cathedral showed a splendid football record, reaching third place in the Catholic league. Three Cathedral men were selected for the All Catholic this year: Francis Rando, quarterback, Francis Moran, guard, and Al Segadelli as left end. The other members of the team were Daniel Moran, '39, John Harrington, '39; Benjamin Selvitelli, '39; Fred Palmer, '39; Bill Gallagher, '39; Francis O'Brien, '39; Vincent Downing, '39; Tanous Thomas, '39; Timothy O'Connor, '39; Timothy O'Leary, '40; John O'Neil, '40; Harold Mamley, '40; Ferdinand Lambert, '41; Robert McGregor, '41; Leo Willett, '41; Joe Rando, '42 and Manager Thomas Connolly, '39.

Special thanks are extended to the girls who formed the backbone of the football cheering section.

George Buck

BASKETBALL

Breathless silence broken only by the pat-a-pat of rubber soled shoes on the basketball court. Swish! as the ball sinks in the basket. Cheers as the crowd roots for Cathedral's victories. It was a great basketball season. We shall never forget those thrilling, chilling, heartbreaking games played in '39! What if we didn't come out in 1st or 2nd place? We won 11 out of 15 games and more than that, we enjoyed ourselves on the court and on the sidelines. Congratulations to the leaders in the Catholic League — Mission, first place; Our Lady's, Newton, second place; St. Charles, Waltham, third place.

Congratulations to them and happy memories of good ball for us and our players: Captain Segadelli '40, Manager Danny Moran '39, John Harrington '39, Francis O'Brien, '39, Fred Hussey '39, and Tim O'Leary '40.

George Buck

BASEBALL

As our Year-book goes to press, the baseball season is just about to get under way, hence, we are giving no reports on games. We suggest that you keep up with the write-ups in the paper and paste them on this page.

Three regulars returned from last year's championship team which newspaper writers named the "High School Team of the Year": Captain Dan Moran '39, Al Segadelli '40, and John "King" Brady '40 on whose shoulders will fall the greatest part of the pitching. Other boys whom we are counting on are: Fran Moran '39, and that fighting Sophomore "Frenchie" Lambert.

Veterans and greenhorns alike will strive to repeat the diamond activities of last year. Whether success is theirs or not, we can rest assured that they will always show a fighting spirit worthy of Cathedral High.

Daniel Moran, '39

CHEER LEADERS

Lillian Donovan, Mary Engel, Mary McKenna, Thelma Ray, Richard Buck.

Fight on Cathedral, we're cheering for you
Right to the finish we'll ever be true
Loyal sons and warriors bold are wearing your colors
CRIMSON AND GOLD, Fight on Cathedral as never before
Fight on Cathedral pile up that score
True to your spirit to do or die
On to victory, Cathedral High.

THE SPORT PARADE

I

First came cheers of, "Hit that line,"
"Toss that pass", "The play was fine"!
"Look at him go round the end!"
"Watch our team that goal defend!"

II

Then, "Yea, Yea, Shoot that ball!"
"Get that point", is the cry from all,
"Pass it", "Dribble!" "There's the gun".
"The games well fought, and better won".

III

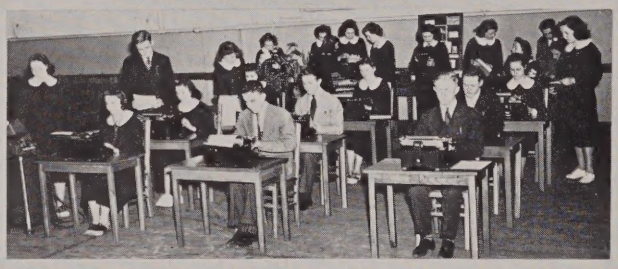
Then at last it's "Hit that ball",
"Knock that apple over the wall".
"Get a run", "Get two or three",
The sport parade's the one for me"!

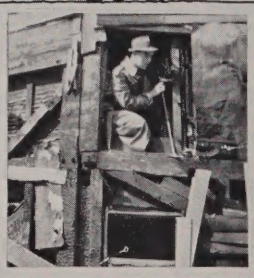
Fred Palmer

A WORD ABOUT SPORTS

Baseball
Fran;
Slugger
Dan.

Thomas Connolly





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Rev. William A. Dacey
Rev. Neil A. Cronin
Rev. Robert Barry
Rev. H. J. Evers
Rev. Waldo Hassenfus
Rev. Francis A. McLaughlin
Rev. Richard J. Quinlan
Josephine ad Agnes Alibrandi
Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Barry
Miss Dorothy Barry '36
Mr. and Mrs. John Beausang
Miss Catherine Beausang '38
Mr. William Binkiwitz
Mr. and Mrs. John Binkiwitz
Miss Mary Binkiwitz
Mrs. Andrew Bedford
Mr. Frederick Buck
Mr. Woodrow Buchannan '35
Mr. John F. Buckley
Mr. and Mrs. Dennis F. Burke
Mr. and Mrs. Michael Burke
Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Busconi
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Miss Catherine Cavanaugh '38
James Cleary '37
Mr. Patrick A. Colman
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Mr. and Mrs. Frank Creedon
Mrs. Matilda Crilly
Mr. and Mrs. James Cleary
Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Crowley
Mr. Chester A. Cruickshank
Miss Sally Czaja
Mr. Michael Darcy
Miss Theresa Dingle
Mr. and Mrs. James Doherty
Mr. and Mrs. Peter A. Donovan
Mr. and Mrs. J. Downing
Francis J. Daly '32
Mr. Thomas Dwyer
Rep. Susan K. Donovan
Mrs. Catherine Engel
Mr. Frank Engel
Miss Mary Gallagher '37
Mrs. Rose Gallagher
T. F. Flaherty
Mr. George V. Galvin
Mr. Thomas George
Henry J. Gillen
Miss Irene Gray
Miss Jane Gunn
Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Guthrie
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Miss Theresa McDonald '36
Mr. and Mrs. P. McKenna
Mr. and Mrs. Jos. T. McLaughlin
Mr. and Mrs. Michael McLaughlin
Mr. Carl Marston
Mr. and Mrs. William McEnrue
Miss Catherine A. McLaughlin
Mr. and Mrs. J. G. McManus
Mr. James F. McQuade
Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Moran
Mr. and Mrs. John P. Moran
Mr. and Mrs. George Moynihan
Mr. and Mrs. John Moynihan
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Murphy
James M. O'Connor
Dr. William O'Donnell
Mr. and Mrs. James O'Keefe
Joseph R. O'Neil
Joseph G. Nickerson '34
Mrs. Emily Price
Mr. and Mrs. John B. Ray
Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Selvitelle
Mr. John J. Sharkey
Mr. Stephen Shuko
Mr. Alfred Shuko '37
Mr. and Mrs. Mark Skiffington
Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Smith
Miss Elizabeth Spence
Joseph A. Sullivan
Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Sullivan
Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Taylor
Mr. Roger T. Walsh
Mr. and Mrs. Russell Watson

HUMOR

DRAMATICALLY SPEAKING, WE HAVE A

Greek Tragedy ..... D. Caselden
Miracle Play ..... T. O'Connor
Mystery Play ..... F. Rando
Masque ..... M. McDonald
Chronicle Play ..... F. Moran
Melodrama ..... M. Engel
Tragic-Comedy ..... L. Donovan
Interlude ..... H. Murphy
Vaudeville ..... J. Murphy
Problem Drama ..... J. Regan
Comedy of Manners ..... F. Hussey
Closet Drama ..... J. Lahive
Operetta ..... T. Connolly
Farce ..... R. Buck
Grand Opera ..... E. Sullivan
Musical Comedy ..... H. Gesien
Skit ..... I. Czaja
Hero ..... S. Shucko
Heroine ..... L. Barry
Villain ..... M. Skiffington
Clown ..... J. Doherty
Dark Hour ..... T. Thomas
Local Color Type ..... M. McKenna
Mystery Man ..... J. Riordan
Masked Lady ..... M. Crowley
Sherlock Holmes ..... J. Shea
Murdered Corpse ..... K. Creedon
Watson ..... G. Buck
Gangster ..... V. Downing
Rich Papa ..... W. Gallagher
Kid Sister ..... M. McLaughlin
Kid Brother ..... F. O'Brien
Chauffeur Accomplice .. Fr. O'Connor
Sweet Young Thing ..... A. Taylor
Angling Bachelor ..... B. Selvitelle

Eileen Burke '39

C — Charming ..... T. Ray
O — Original ..... M. McKenna
M — Musical ..... H. Gesien
M — Modest ..... M. Crowley
E —Entertaining ..... A. LeBlanc
R — Reserved ..... E. Moynihan
C — Clever ..... W. Gallagher
I — Imaginative ..... M. McKenna
A — Artistic ..... A. LeBlanc
L — Loyal ..... J. Alibrandi

C — Carefree ..... M. McDonald
L — Lovely ..... L. Donovan
A — Amiable ..... M. King
S — Sophisticated ..... M. Engle
S — Studious ..... E. Sullivan
O — Observant ..... J. Harrington
F — Friendly ..... M. Skiffington

T — Tiny ..... M. McLoughlin
H — Humorous ..... I. Czaja
I — Impish ..... J. Murphy
R — Romantic ..... B. Selvitelle
T — Timid ..... J. Alibrandi
Y — Yielding ..... M. King

N — Nonchalant ..... F. Rando
I — Independent ..... G. Buck
N — Natural ..... M. McDonald
E — Efficient ..... H. Murphy

Helen Binkiwitz

SYMPHONIC REVERBERATIONS

As Long As I Live ..... Lunch period will be best
Keep Your Fingers Crossed ..... Until the English tests come back
My Last Big Chance ..... Final exams
Take It Easy ..... On the homework
Your All I Need ..... To pass that test
May I ..... Pass it in tomorrow, Sister?
I Woke Up too Soon ..... Studying before breakfast

TO THE GRADUATES:

The graduating class of 1939 is about to enter a world of agitation, a world fearful, unbalanced and overshadowed with foreboding gloom.

We, the Alumni of Cathedral High School, welcome you among us, fully realizing that your Catholic training has made you immeasurably fit to aid us in the fight for worldly and spiritual victory. We call upon you to remember that the spiritual triangle Faith, Hope, and Charity so well inculcated by our teachers is not for ourselves alone. No, we must impregnate our fellowmen with the idea that faith in God and love of God form the one doctrine that will bring about a betterment of world affairs. We earnestly hope that you will realize that yours is a sacred duty intrusted to you especially, as graduates of Cathedral High School, to go forth in your respective walks of life sowing seeds of peace, of justice, and of charity.

Graduates of '39, we receive you with sincere good wishes and hearty congratulations.

John M. Trayers, '31

Alumni President

EPILOGUE

Behold . . . it is the year 1939. . . . As time swiftly passes on, it marks the finale to the happiest and most carefree days of our lives, and commences times of greater trial. . . . We shall soon be assailed on the sea of life, fighting and braving the wrath of the water. . . . Yet despite our own sorrows, we must always be ready to direct our brother skippers who have carelessly broken their compasses and are drifting on burning billows of sin. We must point out to them that little light house with its warm red beacon guiding all to the port of peace where their compasses will be repaired, where their cup of courage will be replenished by the bountious and loving Keeper. . . . We too, although today hale and hearty, will often become weary along our journey, no matter what our course may be. . . . Some of us will come into the Harbor after a short voyage, but not without being violently tossed upon the whirling waters that race outside it. . . . Others of us will have to sail for many years through sunshine and storm, through balmy breezes and blizzards, through calm pacific waters with sparkling sunbeams gayly tripping the sky blue water . . . through black, ravenous, roaring waves, surging across our decks. . . . Perhaps our now splendid ships will be reduced to wretched, disabled rafts. . . . No matter what our way may be, we shall all along the journey keep our course true by the Lamp of God's Presence. . . . We should say final words of thanks but our heavy hearts and our trembling tongues will not permit it. . . . Thanks is such a small word and in no way expresses our feelings. . . . Let us instead, wait until That Day when we are all assembled before God's Throne. . . . By the account we then present, we shall prove our gratitude for all that our parents and Cathedral High School have so generously afforded us.

Anchors A-weigh

Mary McKenna

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